

AUGUST,

1884.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LII.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON,
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 8.

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FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1884:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing patterns.—
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURES NOS. 1 AND 2.—GIRLS' AND MISSES' BATHING COSTUMES.

FIGURE No. 1.—This illustrates a Girls' bathing costume. The pattern, which is No. 9272 and costs 20 cents, is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age.

The material is light-weight Cheviot suiting showing dashes of red and other tints in its weaving, and the trimming is red braid in two widths. The bands on the trousers legs are of the wider braid, and the skirt is trimmed with a Vandyke arrangement of the narrow braid below a straight line of the wider braid. The sleeve is short in this instance, but a long sleeve is provided in the pattern, perforations showing how the short sleeve is to be shaped. Braid in two widths trims the sleeve in harmony with the skirt. The belt is overlaid along the center with a row of the wider braid, and the deep sailor-collar is prettily trimmed with a Vandyke disposal of the narrow braid.

FIGURE No. 2.—This illustrates a Misses' bathing costume. The pattern, which is No. 9271 and costs 25 cents, is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age.

Only in size, trimming and material does this pretty bathing costume for a miss differ from that pictured at figure No. 1. The material is gray serge, and the trimming of light blue braid is very effectively applied. The trousers bands are of the braid, and the ruffles are scalloped and bound with braid. The skirt is also scalloped and bound with braid, and above these scallops, turning in the opposite direc-



FIGURES NOS. 1 AND 2.—GIRLS' AND MISSES' BATHING COSTUMES.

tion with the points coming between them, other scallops are simulated with a doubled row of braid, the result being bright and pretty. The short sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and so is the large sailor-collar. The belt is bound all around with braid and buckled in front. The cravat is of serge.

The hat is a rough straw, tied on with a strip of the braid.

Flannel, of all varieties and shades, including plain colors and striped and plaided patterns, is the texture most frequently selected for a sea-dress. Serges are also much liked and are of lighter weight than flannels; and Cheviot suitings, with their brilliant dashes of colorings, are also admired. In fact, any fabric having the soft texture of flannel is suitable, whether it is plain, figured, striped or plaided.

Braids in colors that contrast or harmonize with the fabric are desirable and stylish trimmings, and they may be fancifully or simply applied, as preferred. Embroidery is used to a large extent on sea-dresses of plain serge or flannel, and is usually observable on the deep sailor-collar, the belt and, in fact, wherever it will look well. All varieties of emblematic designs are used; anchors, stars, tiny boats and ships, crescents, crossed oars, etc., being pretty. Sometimes

braids in several widths and colors will be applied. Bathing shoes and slippers are usually of canvas, held on by a fancy disposal of braid about the ankles.



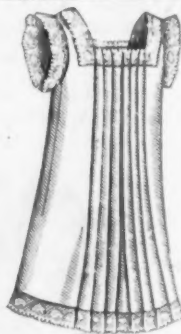
9287

Front View.



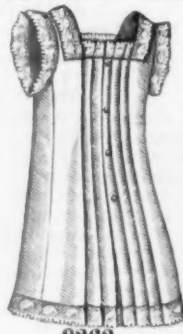
9287

Back View.



9262

Front View.



9262

Back View.

GIRLS' DRESS.

No. 9287.—This dainty little dress pattern is in 9 sizes for girls from 1 to 9 years of age. To make the dress of a single material for a girl of 8 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

GIRLS' APRON.

No. 9262.—A serviceable little apron of white nainsook is here depicted. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the apron for a girl of 8 years, requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9270

Front View.



9254

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 9254.—This dainty little costume pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it needs $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocaded goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

LADIES' TRAVELLING WRAP.

No. 9270.—The pattern of this wrap is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and will make up handsomely in pongee, linen or any fashionable material. For a lady of medium size, it will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or 3 yards 64 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9270

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 9273.—The engravings represent a stylish dress-body that is fitted by well curved darts and seams. Plain blue sateen was used in the construction of the garment in the present instance, with embroidery for trimming. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be selected for any preferred variety of dress goods. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9273

Front View.



9273

Back View.



9255

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 9255.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is here developed in black Ottoman silk, but is equally adapted to brocade, Surah, Spanish net or any wrap material. Chenille fringe is used for decoration, and a lining of cardinal satin is added, with good effect. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9263

LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS.

No. 9263.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $9\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



9281

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 9281.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 36 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of lace net 27 inches wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of cambric 36 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



9249

Front View.



9249

Back View.

CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 9249.—This dress is here made of cambric and embroidered webbing, with embroidered edging as trimming. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it needs $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9250

Front View.



9250

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 9250.—Pale blue Chambray and embroidery are here combined. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 6 months to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9256

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 9256.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, it will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of figured material for the overdress and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain goods for the skirt, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting plain goods for the vest, puff and cuff facings, each 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



FIGURE NO. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This illustrates Child's costume No. 9250. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 6 months to 6 years old. For a child of 6 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 ins. wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 ins. wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 ins. wide. Price, 15 cents.



9266

MISSES' FISHWIFE COSTUME.

No. 9266.—Serge-like suiting of an olive-green color is the material represented in the above engraving. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, it needs $12\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 ins. wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price. **21**

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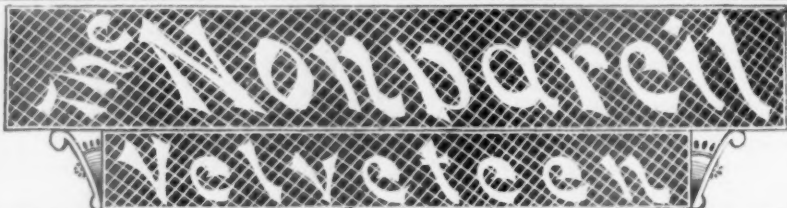
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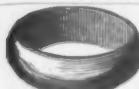
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SILVER AND GOLD.—Page 488.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. LII.

AUGUST, 1884.

No. 8.



To a Highlingale.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers—
To rocks, to springs, to rills, to leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's troubles, ills, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster! then my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585-1649).



SILVER AND GOLD.—Page 135.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

AUGUST, 1884.

No. 8.



To a Nightingale.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers—
To rocks, to springs, to rills, to leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness), sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven!
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585-1649).

A STORY OF THE WEST.

WE were "going West." The last comfort was tied, the set of dishes, mother's last gift, carefully packed, the little case of choice canned fruit tucked in back of the bedding in the big, canvas-covered wagon, and four stout horses stood placidly munching their oats for the last time before leaving the old home. Rob was whistling in a minor undertone as he put a few last touches to straps and buckles; and then we were ready to say that word that almost snaps the heartstrings, "Good-bye." Dear old mother tried to smile and bear the parting bravely, but the tears would drop, and at last she just laid her face down against mine and cried it out, and I with her; father kissed me hastily and started for the barn; brother Alf threw himself face downward on the piazza floor and ejaculated through his sobs, "I wish you'd never even seen that Rob Allen—that's what I do! carrying you off to get scalped by Injuns!" And then the big wagon moved slowly off, the dear faces were left behind, the spires of the little village were lost to sight, and our journey had begun.

Days of the quiet travel went by, the grief at leaving loved ones was softened of its keen pain, the novelty of the quaint gypsy life had its charm, and the sweet spring days seemed like a vision of Arcadia; for I was at Rob's side, his happy little wife.

By and by we made our last halt.

"This is our home, Madge," said Rob; and he helped me out of the wagon that had been our only home for so many days, and then stopped me and took both my hands in his as he said, gravely: "I have brought you to a lonely place and a lonely life, little wife. I think I have hardly realized how much so until now. But I know my little girl has in her the spirit that a pioneer's wife needs, and with God's help she shall never regret that she cast her lot with mine!" And the tears stood in Rob's dark eyes as he kissed me softly on the forehead, as if to set a seal upon his vow.

"I have no fear, my husband," I answered him; and then we went hand in hand, for the first time, under the roof that was to shelter us, together.

Two rooms and no more. A table, bedstead, some chairs, and a stove, purchased thirty miles away when Rob had been there first to choose our future home; this was all we had, except what we had brought with us. Rob glanced at me doubtfully as we looked about us. But there was no shadow at my heart; I had chosen this and I was content. It was only for a time—what could not Rob and I do together?

Outside lay the broad prairie, mile upon mile, far as the eye could reach. A tiny dot, five miles away, meant our nearest neighbor. South of us a dark fringe of timber marked the course of a

stream. As I looked out over the broad prairie I felt as if we were out alone at sea. Then I turned cheerfully to Rob.

"Now let's bring in the things," I said, "and then you start a fire and I will get supper. My appetite is getting astounding!"

And like two merry children we unpacked and arranged and contrived this and that, and chattered like two magpies till supper was over and our tired bodies at rest.

The next morning, what was my surprise to see a wagon stop at our door containing a pleasant-looking man and woman.

"Ah! good morning, Mrs. Allen!" said the brisk little lady, as I stepped to the door. "George said he saw a smoke from your chimney last night—just hand me that pail, George—and so I said we must go right over and lend a hand and make you welcome; for I've been a stranger myself, and know just how it seems at first. George, you just bring in that basket and jug when you come, won't you? And now, Mrs. Allen, if there's anything I can do—and I'm very glad to see you, my dear!"—as she drew her arm around me and kissed my cheek—"why, don't be a mite afraid to let me know. I'm your next neighbor, Mrs. Perry, and I hope we'll be good friends. I just brought, over a jug of milk and a few eggs and a chicken or two to get you started like, and I shall stay and help you to-day, poor child! I don't believe you're a day older than my Milly!"

And all this time my new friend was taking her gift of dainties out of the basket and piling them before my grateful eyes.

"And now, Mrs. Allen," she said, as she whisked a big apron out of the bottom of the basket and tied it about her plump waist, "I'm ready to begin."

Before night our little home was as neat a little nest as we could desire. In one room we had put down my pretty carpet, the one luxury I had brought, and at which Mrs. Perry exclaimed in admiration, and at the two windows some dainty muslin curtains, looped back with ribbon. Our bed, with snowy covers, stood in one corner; a shelf between the windows held a few treasured keepsakes and a vase or two of the early prairie-blossoms; a few pictures hung upon the walls and a bright rug lay before the door. Mr. Perry and Rob had put up some corner-shelves in the kitchen for my dishes and in the sitting-room for a book-case. These I covered with some dark cambric and finished the edges with crimson fringe, to match the ribbons at the windows and the rug at the door, and on these arranged our few pet books, and beside it hung my guitar and Rob's violin.

In the kitchen we put a stout rag carpet and the essentials of living.

And when Mrs. Perry left us at night and Rob and I stood and looked around our pretty home,

I am sure no queen on her throne was ever so proud and happy as I.

But though I was happy and content with my new home and would not have changed lives with any one in the world, yet there was one thorn among my roses that would not cease to obtrude itself, and that was my fear of Indians. I had known that this must be my cross; for even in my home so far away I had felt chills of nervous horror run over me when I had read of their atrocities, and nothing but my love for my husband could have induced me to brave a life in this new land, scarcely won from the possession of savages. But they were now friendly to their white neighbors and all agreed that nothing was to be feared from them. Nevertheless, it was with ill-concealed terror that I saw them sometimes go trailing across the prairie and the first time that a small party of them stopped at our door I thought I should faint with fear. Fortunately, Rob was at home and did not allow them to enter the house, and before he came in from his interview I had conquered myself enough to appear calm, but many times during the night I started from my sleep, thinking their dreadful war-whoop was piercing the air, and for many days I locked the doors and went with Rob as he worked, rather than risk a visit from them during his absence. But after awhile this feeling wore away, and as I grew more accustomed to the sight of their dusky faces I gradually gave up my precautionary measures and endured their visits as best I could. But they were inveterate beggars, and I was not for a long time bold enough to refuse them anything that they chose to ask for fear of incurring their enmity, so that I became at last the complete slave of their demands, unless Rob was at home, when he sent them about their business with scanty ceremony. Still, this was no help to me, for the Indians soon grew so crafty that they only came to the house when they knew him to be absent, and I grew afraid to let him know the extent of their rapacity, lest in his anger he should provoke them to open hostility.

In some unfortunate moment we had responded to their appeal for food by a chance plate of hot biscuit. This was evidently a complete success in cookery according to their taste; for a day or two after I was waited upon by a deputation of braves, who, through their interpreter, who spoke indifferent English, demanded, partly by words and partly by signs, that I should bake biscuits for the crowd, and they thereupon calmly sat down around me to watch the operation. But I did not feel quite like starting an extra fire on a hot July day to do baking for a dozen filthy savages whose stomachs appeared to be of endless capacity, as I had learned by sad experience, and I summoned courage to refuse the demand. But the savage scowl with which the chief threw his hand upon his hunting-knife, as

he said, "White squaw make bread! much little bread!" brought me to an unwilling compliance. At this they grinned and jabbered contentedly, and the chief, a great, scarred, repulsive creature, came to my side as I stood at the table working, and said, "Ugh! nice squaw! nice white squaw!" Then, with a sudden motion, he drew the comb from my coil of hair, which was very long, dark, and heavy, and gathered it up in his hands. Then, indeed, I thought my last hour had come; yet I neither fainted nor screamed, but I grew cold as death and could almost feel the steel in my flesh. But instead of any hostile demonstration, they all gathered around me and stroked and looked at my hair with much admiration, saying, "Ugh!" "Good!" "Nice!" "Much good!" until I gathered it up and told them that I could not bake their bread unless they kept away from me. In my own heart I resolved to sacrifice my too-luxuriant scalp-lock before it should tempt some one of my copper-hued friends to take forcible possession of it as an ornament for his belt; but as it was Rob's pride, my "crowning glory" in his eyes, and I could invent no reason for cutting it off, while I dared not tell him the real one, my locks remained unshorn.

For weeks after this I baked about a bushel of biscuits every week for my tormentors, and on every occasion was obliged to unfasten my hair for the admiration of my company.

One day they came in just after my husband's return from our nearest trading point, thirty miles away. He had gone on to Mr. Perry's with some supplies for them. We had just bought a cow, and Rob had brought home for me from town a dozen bright new milk-pans, which stood on the table as the Indians entered. Latterly I had grown somewhat cunning, and whenever I saw them approaching I would put out of sight such things as I thought would be likely to attract their attention, but on this occasion I had not known of their proximity until they entered. As soon as they looked around they seemed struck with delight at the new pans, and at once demanded them. But the idea of yielding to them these important possessions, which must require so much effort to replace, and the thought of what Rob would say to find them gone, made me bold.

"No, you cannot have them!" I said.

"White squaw give!" said the spokesman.

"No, no!" I repeated.

At this one of the squaws snatched them from the table and was off like a flash. I had borne a great deal, but this was too much. Regardless of their presence, I put my hands over my face and cried outright. As I sobbed out my anger and disgust I felt a touch on my shoulder, and as I raised my head the pile of pans was placed upon my lap by Big Lightning, as the chief was called, and with the words, "White squaw no more cry!

too bad!" he led the whole party away, much to my astonishment.

After this there passed several weeks that none of them made their appearance. When I was wondering at this one day Mr. Perry said:

"Oh! they are probably getting ready for their autumn hunting. Some day you will see them go trailing by with all their ponies, papooses, and general belongings, on their way to some of the large rivers. It is a very curious sight. I hear that they are now banding together about fifteen miles from here."

Not many days after this, as all the crops were in good order, it was decided that Mr. Perry and my husband would start together for town with their teams and bring in our supplies before the roads should become bad from the fall storms. They were going with both teams from each farm, and expected to make two trips, and, as it would take about a week, Mrs. Perry insisted that I should shut up my house and stay with them at their farm while the men were gone.

This left four women of us together—Mrs. Perry, her daughter Milly, Mrs. Clark, a married daughter, and myself, with two younger children, and Mrs. Clark's infant. Mr. Clark and Mark Perry, the oldest son, had gone with the teams.

The next night after their departure we had helped the boys do the milking and do the chores for the night, finished our household tasks, and were somewhat dreading the lonely evening, when we heard the clatter of hoofs on the road, and as we went to the door a man half stopped his panting horse at the gate and cried:

"Fly! fly for your lives! The Indians are killing all the settlers! Get to Ford's Landing if you can!"

And then he was off like the wind, with flecks of foam flying from his horse's mouth and only a cloud of dust floating down the road to show that this was real.

For a moment we looked at each other in stony terror; but moments were precious, and we had none to spare. At any instant our foes might be upon us. We waited for nothing except a few wraps to shield us from the night winds. Only at the last moment Mrs. Perry went back and extinguished the last sparks of our fire.

"They will not know now how recently we have been here," she said, calmly; "they will think we have got the alarm early and fled to the Fort."

Then, in the gathering shades, we started for the timber along the river, intending to follow its course to Ford's Landing, six miles below, where in the little fort we should be comparatively safe. The river was less than a mile away, but before we had fairly reached it we saw a bright flame shoot up from the prairie, and in an instant I knew that it meant the last of my little home. Another and another followed, as the barn and

stacks were fired, and then we knew that a short time only would bring them to Mr. Perry's. Our only hope was that they might not search for us, but would think we had already gained the fort and pass on to the next farm. As we pressed on we saw the red glow that announced the destruction of all the result of so many years of hardship and labor, but all regret was swallowed up in the one idea of escape. In a few more minutes we heard the confused sounds growing more distinct, and at last concentrating into a series of blood-curdling whoops and yells, every moment approaching.

"They are searching for us!" gasped Mrs. Clark.

"Creep under the thick bushes, and don't breathe!" whispered Mrs. Perry; "it may be only a trick to find out if any one is here. I don't think they will expect to find us so near home."

Hastily we concealed ourselves, and the yells were hushed in profound silence. Then followed another fierce outburst, as the savages galloped their ponies up to the edge of the timber, and again they paused in silence. Then two or three dismounted and ran through the thickets, coming so near that only the darkness prevented our discovery. Then firing two or three shots into the shadows they appeared satisfied, and we heard them laughing as they mounted their ponies to ride away. But in that moment of relief, when hope revived in our hearts, the baby cried! In an instant its cry was hushed, but that cry had betrayed us. There was a fierce yell from the savages, and then they were swarming around us. A torch revealed our retreat, and then followed a scene that my pen cannot portray. In a trance of terror that left me no more power to move or speak than I shall have when under the coffin lid, I saw the awful tragedy enacted, while my veins seemed filled with ice and my brain with fire. Then I stood among the lifeless bodies of my friends alone, the only one left to their merciless murderers. A burly savage stepped toward me with uplifted tomahawk. I had not even power to shrink from the expected blow, but looked him in the face without a sign. Then a hand grasped my arm, and a voice said:

"Brave squaw! no 'fraid! good! my squaw! Big Lightning brave, too!"

Then there was some rapid talk among them, from the tone and gestures of which I judged that there was a dispute as to my disposal, which finally ended by my being placed upon a pony and led away through the darkness. What my fate would be I dared not think. I could scarcely thank God that my life had been so strangely spared. I could only realize that every moment was bearing me further away from any hope of rescue and placing me more certainly in the power of my captors.

Before morning a cold rain began to fall, chilling and numbing me so that I could scarcely keep my seat on the pony, and restoring to me a full sense of my position. My captors rode beside me in sulky silence, Big Lightning holding my bridle rein. Finally he noticed my shivering, and suddenly stopping our ponies, he said a few gruff words to a companion, who produced from a pack a dry blanket which was thrown around me.

In the gray of the morning we entered a heavy belt of timber and made a halt. Soon after we were joined by two or three others, who seemed to bring some information that was satisfactory, for they at once built a fire, and I was allowed to dismount and rest my stiffened limbs and warm myself by the blaze. Then some food was produced, and some was given to me, which I ate, for I was determined now to keep my strength and courage and make an effort to escape at the first opportunity.

After a time most of the Indians lay down to sleep, but Big Lightning never closed his eyes, though he threw some boughs down beside me and said:

"Squaw tired—wet—sleep little."

Beyond this he did not speak to me. Hour after hour of the long day dragged away. Tired out, I wrapped my blanket around me and slept a little, while a little group of the savages talked in their guttural tones near me. The fire had not been allowed to burn, and when at the first approach of dusk I was ordered to again mount the pony, I was so stiff and sore that I could scarcely move.

Again we rode on through the night, as we had done the night before, with Big Lightning at my side. But for some reason, perhaps because I had been so quiet or because they thought my escape impossible, I had not been bound or in any way confined, except by the swarthy hand upon my pony's bridle.

The darkness was intense. As we rode on I determined to attempt a deed that seemed desperate, but which could only result in death, which I preferred to the horrors of captivity. Every sense seemed doubly acute. I could determine the place of every rider by the sound of the ponies' feet. At last the watched-for moment came. The riders at my left made a slight advance; in a second I had slipped to the ground, and they went on without me. Breathless I stood and waited. They went on in silence—I was not missed! But this could not last long; the first dawn would show my absence, even if it were not sooner discovered. I only dared hope that they might be so far on their way that they would not venture the delay of a search for me. Then I turned around and began to walk, but soon found that nothing could be gained, that I must wait for dawn.

Nothing broke the stillness, and as the first signs of daylight broke from the east I started back on the track I had come over, only keeping on the masses of fallen leaves to conceal my tracks. Much to my delight, there was no evidence of pursuit, and so untiringly did I travel that before nightfall I saw the borders of the prairie. Then, faint with hunger and fatigue, I paused to consider. What could I do? where could I go? I had no home, no friends left, even if I could regain the scene of my desolation. My husband might no longer be alive. No one knew my fate; what could I expect? Better to die where I was than experience new horrors. I sank on the ground in despair. But the next moment I saw dark forms coming across the prairie. Eagerly I watched their approach. Was it friend or foe? As they came nearer I saw that there were two parties; the first were Indians, I knew by their peculiar way of riding; but the second—was it a pursuing party of whites or only a lagging number of their own? Hastily concealing myself, I watched the coming of my fate for life or death. A few moments told me that the Indians were flying from a well-mounted body of white men who were gaining on them rapidly. Soon I heard the sharp crack of rifles, and several of the savages fell before they dashed into the timber just below me, and as the white men drew near enough so that I knew they could not mistake me for an enemy I waved my handkerchief and ran into the open ground. I need not say that I was well cared for, and in a few hours I was safe at the fort, where I was soon rejoined by my husband, who had accompanied another party of settlers in their pursuit of the Indians.

We had lost nearly all that we had, but we were spared to each other, and with the price of our teams we left the West far behind us, thanking God that never again would our terrible experience be repeated.

FAUSTINE.

ECONOMY.—Miss Muloch tells us that it takes a heroine to be economical—for will not many a woman rather run in debt for a bonnet than wear her old one a year behind the mode; give a ball, and stint the family dinner for a month after; take a large house and furnish handsome reception-rooms, while her household huddle together anyhow? She prefers this a hundred times to stating plainly, by word or manner, "My income is so much a year; I don't care who knows it. It will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate; it will not keep comfortably both my family and my acquaintances; therefore excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintances. And, Society, if you choose to look in upon us, you must take us as we are, without any pretenses of any kind, or you may shut the door and say good-bye."

THE SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

THE celebrated river Jordan rises by several small streams, in the northern part of Palestine, amid the wild country near the base of Mount Hermon. Its principal branches take, in Arabic, the names Nahr Barragit, Nahr Hasbany, Nahr es Sâar, Nahr Baniâs, and Nahr Leddan. Of these, the last is called by the historian Josephus the Little Jordan, while the Arabs of the country regard it as the chief stream.

Ascending the main river, the first branch among those just named met by the traveler is the Nahr Barragit. This is in the midst of an elevated, rocky region, everywhere showing signs of past

dazzling light, extends until lost to sight the green valley of the Jordan, terminated by the blue expanse of Lake Houlêh. This lake is called in the Bible the Waters of Merom. It is triangular in form, thickly bordered with sedges and papyrus, and nearly overgrown with white and yellow water-lilies, the haunts of heron and other aquatic fowl. Singular to relate, the fauna and flora of the borders of this lake resemble those of Egypt, but no distinctively Egyptian animal or plant is found in Asia east of this locality.

A sparkling stream, already alluded to as Nahr Hasbany, is crossed by a singular bridge of three arches, of which the central arch is Roman, the two side arches Arab. This stream also flows



DAN AND THE SOURCE OF THE LITTLE JORDAN.

volcanic action. The stream flows between steep cliffs of red and black basalt, and in the stony fissures on every hand is a thick growth of low bushes, while over the undulating plain spread the coarse grass and high weeds. No sign of human habitation is near; the desert is occupied by herds of wild camels, and eagles perch upon the high rocks. The stream is crossed by a rude, dilapidated stone bridge. But from this point the view is of indescribable splendor. Before the traveler the shining peak of Hermon stands detached in a sky of tender blue; its dark base, furrowed with woody valleys, is lost in violet vapors; to the north are the high mountains of Lebanon, bounding the horizon, while to the south, bathed in a

through basaltic rocks, but they are not so high as those bordering the Nahr Barragit, and the surrounding country is more fertile, covered with an abundant growth of laurels and plane-trees. The road leads at length to a natural oval basin surrounded by bushes. This natural reservoir is fed by a clear brook, springing from the side of a small peak, evidently a cave formed by volcanic eruption. The sides of this peak are covered with irregular masses of rock, mingled with a luxuriant vegetation, consisting of oaks, fig-trees, plane-trees, oleanders, and giant rushes. This little mountain is called, in Arabic, Tell el Kady, and the multitude of little rivulets upon its side unite to form the stream flowing into the rocky basin and known

as the Nahr Leddan, or Little Jordan. Upon the eastern side of this peak are the ruins of the village of Dan, of the Bible, the northern limit of the territory of the Israelites. Upon this mountain, also, is the tomb of a Mohammedan saint.

A few miles further north is the charming village of Banias, sometimes called the Tivoli of Syria. It is in the midst of fine groves of poplar, and plane trees; beautiful flowers abound, and

following was taken and retaken by Christians and Mohammedans, until it was finally destroyed.

From Banias the small rivulets, collected into one stream, the Nahr Banias, flow southwest and unite with the Nahr Leddan to join the main river of the Jordan. From the summit of the ruins of the ancient Paneion, or temple of Pan, north of the modern town, a fine view of the valley of the



THE JORDAN AT BANIAS.

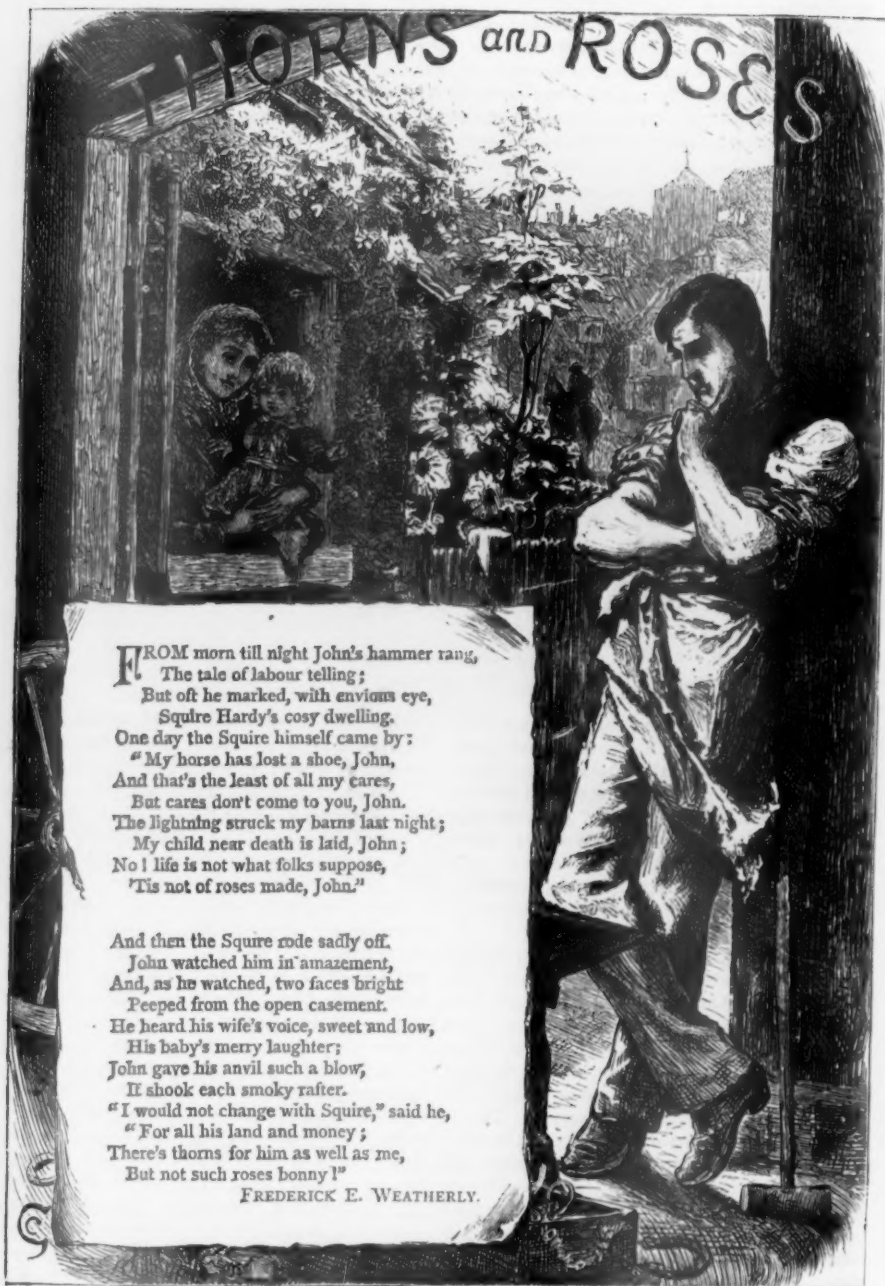
the murmur of cascades is heard on every hand. The village consists of about fifty houses, well built in terraces, though the ruins scattered around in every direction prove that the ancient town far surpassed the modern in splendor. Over the Nahr es Sâar, a tributary of the Nahr Banias, still stands a bridge with a single arch, defended by a square tower with regular columns. North of the village is the imposing castle of Soubeibêh, perhaps built during the reign of the Herods.

Banias has preserved nearly intact its ancient Greek name, Paneas, conferred on account of the temple, dedicated to the god Pan, the majestic ruins of which still remain. Herod here built a temple in honor of Augustus, and his son Philip further adorned the city, to which he gave the name of Cesarea. From these circumstances Banias is called Cesarea Philippi in the Gospels. This is probably the most northern point of Syria to which the Lord Jesus came, and He perhaps rested here in the shades by the cool streams, so different from the arid country of Judea. After the siege of Jerusalem, Titus gave here some grand spectacles, during which a great number of captives were slain by gladiators or devoured by wild beasts. In 1130 Banias fell into the hands of the Crusaders; and for more than a century

Jordan may be obtained. Looking south, the observer beholds the united branches, taking their way as one stream, widening as it approaches the Waters of Merom, and then passing beyond it until it terminates near the horizon in the blue bosom of the Sea or Lake of Tiberias.

M. B. H.

CARRYING ONE'S CROSS.—Taking up one's cross means simply, writes Mr. Ruskin, that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one, carrying whatever you find is given you to carry as well and stoutly as you can, without making faces or calling people to come and look at you. Above all, you are neither to load nor unload yourself, nor cut your cross to your own liking. Some people think it would be better for them to have it large, and many that they could carry it much faster if it were small; and even those who like it largest are usually very particular about its being ornamental and made of the best ebony. But all that you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can, and not think about what is upon it—above all, not to boast of what is upon it. The real and essential meaning of "virtue" is in that straightness of back.



FROM morn till night John's hammer rang,
 The tale of labour telling;
 But oft he marked, with envious eye,
 Squire Hardy's cosy dwelling.
 One day the Squire himself came by:
 "My horse has lost a shoe, John,
 And that's the least of all my cares,
 But cares don't come to you, John.
 The lightning struck my barns last night;
 My child near death is laid, John;
 No! life is not what folks suppose,
 'Tis not of roses made, John."

And then the Squire rode sadly off.
 John watched him in amazement,
 And, as he watched, two faces bright
 Peeped from the open casement.
 He heard his wife's voice, sweet and low,
 His baby's merry laughter;
 John gave his anvil such a blow,
 It shook each smoky rafter.
 "I would not change with Squire," said he,
 "For all his land and money;
 There's thorns for him as well as me,
 But not such roses bonny!"

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

AN EPIC OF THE SEA.

A SHORT autumn afternoon was drawing to a close and the gray of the twilight taking the place of the golden sunshine. Long brown clouds rolled up in frowning piles to the eastward, and a far-off, sighing moan of wind was borne to the ears between the crash of the foamy breakers as they dashed on the low, sandy shore.

A long stretch of treacherous coast it was, so intensely commonplace in its gray sand, so flat in its formation, so innocent in its unrelieved monotony, that it failed to present to the mind even

light from the setting sun pierced and fell shivered upon the floor in varied brilliant tints. Rare engravings hung upon the walls, and a harp in the recess invited the awakening touch of inspired fingers. On the table books and flowers—great golden sunflowers, with a dash of the vivid crimson of a belated dahlia gleaming among them.

Before the glowing sea-coal fire sat two ladies—friends, indeed, in the best sense of the word—both unmarried, both alone in the world, casting their lot together in that truest of all friendships, loving, helpful companionship.

The afternoon tea had just been concluded, for



BEFORE THE GLOWING SEA-COAL FIRE SAT TWO LADIES.

an intimation of the quicksands and shoals concealed beneath its waters.

Naught broke the expanse of horizon but a low cottage house, its outlines clearly defined against the angry sky. Here and there a few stunted trees stretched up their naked boughs in a dark, delicate tracery against the sunset glow, and further down the coast, solitary in its watchfulness, the red life-saving station supplied the one saving spot of color amid the gray surroundings.

Within the cottage parlor brooded an air of cheerful peace. A long, low room it was, robed in prevailing shades of bronze and gold. Cushioned seats bordered the deep bay window, commanding a view of the threatening sea, and through its upper half of stained glass the last lance of

the dainty porcelain service still stood on the stand at one side. The younger of the two ladies gazed into the living coals with dreamy eyes, softly singing to herself the words of loyal bravery and heroic devotion of the old cavalier, sounding strangely on the lips so young and sweet.

"Dreaming again, Lilith; always the same traveler in lands beyond our vision," spoke the elder lady, leaning forward with a caressing gesture.

Quickly the girl turned her dark bright eyes up to the questioning face, and bending down, kissed lightly the pretty white hands so near her.

"You cannot tell, Louise, how that old song thrills through my heart. What"—she spoke, quickly rising and pacing from end to end of the

long parlor—"what is more beautiful, more thrilling, than heroic valor and endurance for a grand, great right, or for the interests of those we love. Ah!" she continued, clasping her hands, "I can understand how it has happened that men laid down their life, dying in torture for a great principle. Does it not make one's blood run more quickly through their veins to think of those ancient people dying a thousand deaths rather than part with their principle, their honor? O Louise! there is too little, far too little, of that feeling left in these latter days."

"Enthusiast," smilingly replied the lady addressed, "you would run a tilt against the universe and find your heart broken in the encounter."

"Better let it break in that way than rust out in treachery and dishonor."

A look of pain crossed the sweet, sad face of the elder lady, and her eyes filled with tears.

"There now," caressingly and regretfully spoke Lilith, "I have hurt you, I fear. Ah! dear Louise, my own dear friend, it cuts me to the heart to see you ever sad. Look up, dear heart, there is many a sunny hour ahead. Do not look back on that old bitter time, but forward to the golden future. Do not let the shadow of a great treachery darken your whole life. Have we not each other, dear, and we two will conquer life with a brave front. Ah! my darling, it needs not startling deeds to illustrate my meaning. Ah, no, for the truest heroism suffers and sacrifices in silence, in cool blood, and without the excitement of stirring deeds to warm it into action. Listen," she said, drawing the harp toward her and, sweeping across the strings with grand, harmonic chords, sang out in a clear contralto voice:

"Then mount! then mount, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
For the fayrest of the land.
Let piping swaine and craven wight
Thus weepe and puling crye;
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!"

She stopped with uplifted hand and suspended breath, as through the room was borne the subdued but penetrating tone of a deep-voiced bell. Intense silence held the women spell-bound, when again it pealed forth more clearly, and by its very clearness breaking the thralldom in which they were held.

"The sea is rising," spoke Lilith, with a deep breath; "the bell startled me for a moment. I had forgotten that the buoy had been moved nearer to us since the last storm. It sounds ominous,

does it not? Aye, and looks ominous, too," she continued, rising and gazing from the window on the billowy, menacing sea.

As she spoke down came the wind in a great sweep, howling and shrieking like a troop of fiends, driving before it the waves in shore, like horses lashed into fury by stinging whips.

"See, Louise, see how the life-guard is tossed by the wind. 'Tis George Fleming, Louise; there's a hero for you indeed. Why, Captain Johnston told me yesterday that he had saved nearly a dozen lives. You remember the wreck of the Aurora—that dreadful wreck winter before last? Only one surf-boat was able to reach her, and it would not have done it then only for this man Fleming. He is as strong as a giant and fearless as a lion, and he brought in the boat filled with women and children, and it was dreadful, they say, to hear the women crying for their husbands and the children for their parents. They could not bring them all, so left two or three poor wretches clinging to the icy shrouds. The lookers-on crowded around the life-crew, trying to dissuade them from another attempt, but Fleming stood up and said, pointing to the wreck:

"My duty lies there, and there is nothing else to be done."

"There was no question in that man's mind; the thing was there to be done, and he had been placed there to do it, and it never even occurred to him that that he might shirk it; and go back he did. There was but one man left, almost frozen to the mast to which he was lashed, and they saved him; but they were so covered with ice and so exhausted on their return that they could hardly distinguish between the saved man and his rescuers. Five minutes more of such warfare, and they all would have been lost. And this is but one solitary instance out of many. I wonder how many of us stop to think, as we settle ourselves in our safe and comfortable homes, with the wind and sleet driving and shrieking outside, of the men who in a continuous line of watchfulness guard our shores, from the rocky coast of Maine to the coral reefs of Florida."

"Perhaps we do not, Lilith, but there is not a sailor who threads the labyrinth of the sea that does not watch and bless these sentries of our land; there's not a woman's heart from north to south that does not breathe a blessing upon these guardians of the lives of their husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers; there is not a little child in this broad land whose glad cry of welcome for a rescued parent does not go up to Heaven, a fervent, pure-hearted blessing on these brave men. But light the lamp, Lilith, and we will look over the books and pamphlets, and select some reading matter for the men at the station. Solitary indeed is their life, and heavily does time hang upon their hands. Their life reminds me of a

pendulum that oscillates between a stern excitement and wearing inaction."

Far into the night the two friends pored over long-forgotten books and magazines, choosing with clear-sighted judgment those containing bright stories and instructive illustrated articles, and it would have been hard indeed to estimate the amount of satisfaction and pleasure this work of love brought to the brave and devoted men in the isolated life-station.

Early in the misty dawn there came a loud knocking, and in answer to the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!" the two ladies, hurriedly dressing, sped down the stormy beach.

The gale had spent its fury, but the sea still raged and tossed and thundered out its menaces upon the limiting barrier of the land, sending its foam of shattered billows up to the soft masses of gray cloud that reached far down to meet them.

The sharp sea-wind, whirling across a thousand intervening miles, swept the salt spray in their faces, rendering it difficult to distinguish the faint outline of the shattered vessel—the plaything the sea had tossed upon the bar and left it there, held in the grasp of the treacherous sand to receive the full strength of the mighty Atlantic. Nearer into land rode the life-boat over the billows, like a true sea-bird skimming the waves, now lost in the valley between two wave-mountains, then breasting, with fearless front, the height of some great wave, to slide over its crest and down its watery incline, and plunging into the trough of another sea was lost apparently forever.

In the stern of the boat sat a broad-chested, brawny figure, grasping the rudder with a strong hand, and at his feet crouched something small and white.

The ladies hurried on more rapidly than ever, the boat shot up the beach out of the grasp of the ravening sea, and amid a wild huzza of admiration and relief, the Captain, releasing the rudder, carefully lifted that which laid at his feet, and, dripping wet, stepped upon the sand, holding in his arms a golden-haired child, who, with terror-stricken eyes, sent forth upon the stormy air a bitter wail of "Mother!"

They had brought in this time a freight of dead and living; for the child lived at the cost of the mother, who had taken her own clothing to wrap and warm her darling.

Tenderly the rough sailors carried up the dead woman and laid her down on an impromptu bed in the half-darkened boat-room of the life-station. Strange surroundings for the delicate figure that laid so still, with pallid face and long dark hair enveloping her in a weeping shroud. On right and left, looming through the shadowy light, were the implements which in her case would have proved powerless to save.

The empty throne of the surf-boat carriage

awaiting its king, who all alone this time had won the victory; the cast-iron mortar, that carried on its fiery way the saving-line, stood a grim sentry at her head, and above hovered the life-car swinging from its stanchions. Great coils of rope laid smoothly rolled ready for use, and sharp, bright axes bore them company.

How Death seemed to mock through the pale face of his victim at these her surroundings—her mourner but one weak child—and now and again, through a lull in the wind, tolled the deep bell-buoy, fit dirge for the lost at sea.

Reverently the sailors stood clustered together, with Lillith weeping bitterly in the shadow and Louise at her side with the golden-haired child pressed closely to her and vainly endeavoring to quiet the bitter cry of "Mother!"

Yielding at last to the importunate voice and hand, she drew near the dead woman and gazed upon her face. For an instant blindness swept away her vision and a hand seemed to clutch her heart and hold it in a tightening grasp. With a violent effort she mastered her emotion and turned away.

She could not gaze upon this woman, who had come between her and her heart's one love, now that she was past her anger.

This woman, who laid at her feet so quietly, had darkened her sunshine, had turned to bitterness all that life held of sweetness, and had done her the foulest wrong that treachery could work upon a friend. But her resentment died away before the awful face of death, and human passions seemed too small to harbor in this grand, broad light of eternity. The bitter cry of "Mother! mother!" rang in her ears. His child and hers! An orphan, now, she heard the sailors say; her father swept overboard into the whirlpool of waters, and her mother—here at her feet.

"God forgive them both, and may His peace be their portion," she whispered to herself, and from her heart was the wish spoken.

Still came the bitter cry of "Mother!" and, stooping over the tear-stained face, she spoke, caressingly:

"Come, little lassie, to my heart, and you shall find your mother there."

Beside her stood the life-guardsmen, and on the common ground of a great heroism met the brave strength and courage of the stalwart man and the strong heart of the woman, who was capable of a grand forgiveness.

H. S. ATWATER.

NEVER be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, if the person was mean afterward. Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

THE MIGRATION OF SWALLOWS.

REFERRING to the migration of swallows, Rev. J. G. Wood, writing for the *Sunday Magazine*, says:

When the weather is sufficiently warm to permit insects to take the wing, the swallows and martins come North for the purpose of feeding upon

gnats and midges. The lump, when taken out, was almost as large as an ordinary nut, but as soon as it was relieved from the pressure of the bird's throat, it swelled to nearly double its former size.

It is a very capricious bird as regards prey, sometimes taking a fancy to one kind of insect to the exclusion of all others.

Bee-keepers have often been irritated by the visits of the swallows, who snap up the bees as they issue from the hive. I believe, however, that the bird restricts itself only to the harmless drones and does not venture to attack the sting-bearing workers. Sometimes it may be seen sweeping over the rivers feeding upon the mayflies, and sometimes it will take to the beetles, especially the smaller members of the chafer tribe. I have frequently watched it upon the seashore, and though I cannot assert it to be a positive fact, I am sure that the birds were feeding upon the sand-hoppers.

Just before they leave this country (England), the swallows assemble in vast numbers every evening; they are very noisy and seem to be consulting as to their future proceedings, especially as they invariably fix upon one place of assemblage and adhere to it annually. At Oxford, one of the sights of a fine autumnal afternoon is the swallow parliament, which meets upon the dome and circular gallery of the Radcliffe Library. The birds arrange themselves in rows upon the edge of the gallery, and also upon the

projecting ridges of the lead which covers the dome.

As to their track and the mode by which they are guided upon it, many theories have been put forward. The course which they follow from this island has been ascertained with tolerable accuracy.

Firstly, they cross the Channel to the French



them. The amount of flies which a swallow will capture during a single flight is really wonderful. The birds pack their prey into the lower jaw, the skin of which is very elastic and forms a sort of pouch, which serves the same purpose as that of the pelican.

I have taken from the pouch of the swallow a solid black mass of flies, almost all of them being

coasts. Then they proceed southward through Spain, until they come to the Straits of Gibraltar, and so cross the narrow sea into Algeria. Those which come from the northern parts of the Continent seem to arrange themselves into three divisions.

One takes the same track as the English birds. The second chooses a central route, enters Italy, and crosses to Corsica by means of Elba, Monte Christo, and other small islands that can serve as resting-places. From Corsica they pass through Sardinia and reach Africa by way of Tunis. The third division traverses the whole of Italy, passes into Sicily, and thence crosses to North Central Africa.

In the *Deutsche Roman Bibliothek* it is stated that a gentleman residing at Prague caught a swallow just before migration, fastened round its neck a small white ribbon, with the word "Bohemia" written upon it. In the following spring the bird came back, bearing round its neck another ribbon with the word "Hispania" upon it. This, I believe, occurred in 1880.

In 1882 there was a paragraph in *Le Petit Nord* to the effect that a gentleman who lived at St. Omer captured, on April 26th, a swallow which had a label attached to its leg. On the label was written, "Tunis, April 25th, 1882." Now the distance in a straight line from Tunis to St. Omer is as nearly as possible eleven hundred miles, and the question was naturally raised as to the capability of the bird to traverse so great a distance in twenty-four hours. In answer to this question, *La Nature* responds that the pigeon has been known to fly from Bordeaux to Paris in seven hours. The distance between these two places is, in a direct line, three hundred miles, and therefore it would be possible for the swallow to traverse eleven hundred miles in the twenty-four hours.

But we must also remember that the hours of starting and arriving are not given, so that the swallow might have had thirty-six hours in which to perform its task, and if it only maintained the same speed as the pigeon, would have had time to rest several times during its journey.

THE UNGRACIOUS.—The recipient of favors from the ungracious is to be pitied. However substantial the benefit, there is a sad feeling of discomfort and humiliation in its acceptance; for the pleasant, gracious manner of giving which so sweetens the gift is lacking. The ungracious often humiliate, although they generally do so unwittingly; and there is hardly any task more repugnant to one's feelings than having to ask a favor of them. Even when pretty certain of its being granted, we know just the grating little sentence by which the granting will be accompanied, and the ungracious air, ruffling our temper and spoiling due gratitude.

IN A VISION.

FROM out the deep shadow of the Dark Valley I had crept toward the light, scarce able to lift my eyes up to the everlasting hills, whose sun-bathed summits rose, the glorious heralds of a new and brighter day.

So worn and weak was I, so crushed by sorrow, that faith in God or man seemed but a mocking ghost, and the simple fact of existence an overwhelming burden.

My soul, a storm-tossed bird exhausted by its efforts to breast the tempest, sent forth a faint and wretched cry for rest and peace. Give me but rest and peace, I prayed, and I care not how they come, even though it be annihilation. Seeking the aid I could not find, my wandering steps strayed from the city's haunts, and closely to the heart of Nature I appealed.

Down by the sea, great earthly emblem of infinity, I trod, and on the sandy beach I listened to its mystic story, told in the plash of the rhythmic waves, in the wild, sweet whistle of the western wind, in the lonely cry of snowy birds, in the smiles and shadows of the changeful light upon its restless waters. The half-told story of the waves was borne to me in a sound of softly singing harmonies, and the sweet monotony soothed with mesmeric influence and subtly stole away my senses.

For a space but a blissful unconsciousness, then motion smooth and swift as light, and a feeling of companionship grew upon me. A man in flowing robes and radiant countenance stood at my shoulder, and in His presence I felt content to trust myself.

On through the same old barren world we sped, far to its very boundaries, when up before us loomed a vast high wall that reached almost to heaven. Small streams of moisture trickled down its sides in drops of crystal, the like of which I never saw in all my life before, and waving sprays of ferns and leaves of creeping vines, glowing with deep and tender green, grew in the crevices and covered the rough rock with a clinging love.

While wondering still if this indeed had brought us to our journey's end, we glided through a giant archway of ponderous masonry, and in the solemn twilight I could see great aisles, like to a grand cathedral, branching off through cloistered columns, and to and fro paced heavenly figures in shining robes, who sang from open missals to the music that sent its waves of melody from out an unseen centre. Ecstatic chords rose up and filled the air with solemn melody, now whispering low, now swelling high in full hosannas, and exulting, bore aloft the singing voices on wings of seraphic harmony.

I turned to ask my guide the meaning, but he

stood with finger on his lips, and I knew the time had not yet come.

Still on we sped, and the music grew fainter, and died away, and we emerged from out the twilight shadow into the golden light of another world—a world so like the old that I should have thought we had turned back upon our steps but for the peace and rest; the perfect peace that brooded over all forbade that thought, and my soul drank deeply from the cup of sweet content held out to me so lavishly. A land of long green hills and peaceful valleys, with slanting sunshine filtering through the green of tree and grass, the peaceful shadows softly buried the ground in quiet slumber, the slowly moving cattle grazing in full security beneath the sweeping branches of the blossom-laden trees, and the soft blue heavens, flecked with fleecy clouds that scarcely moved, but hovered like white doves above this perfect landscape. So like to earth in all its details, but the old earth, with all its misery, all its sorrow, all its wretchedness, lifted away, and from its tranquil atmosphere breathed forth the spirit of perfect purity. The old wild work of grief and pain and misery forever banished, and sky and land, in low, sweet psalms of liberty, sounded through every cadence the psalm of a new and happy life.

O infinite peace! O perfect rest! take up this weary soul in thy strong arms and soothe it with thy presence. Bend down thy peaceful, solemn eyes, ye two great angels, and look it through and through; search out the spots of weakness, grief, and sin, and minister to each by the light of thy infinite wisdoms.

This time the seraph at my side, in silvery, ringing tones, thus spoke to me:

"O weary, world-worn spirit! open now thine eyes and comprehend the loving heritage thy God hath kept for thee. The Heaven you see is as the ancient world, but tears have wrought the difference, and from their softening influence a new-born earth has sprung, crowned with a perfect peace and infinite rest and love."

Then it was that it came to me that God indeed did still exist, and that He still ruled in Heaven and earth, and with the eyes of my spirit opened in this light of a new and happy hope, I arose, and, taking up the thread of life yet once again, wove out its golden web with strengthened fingers.

H. S. A.

"THE most agreeable of all companions," says Lessing, "is a simple, frank man without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness, one who loves life and understands the use of it, obliging alike at all hours—above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit."

A CUP OF TEA.

A FEW days ago, as I was hurrying rapidly along the street to take the cars for home, I was accosted with—

"Can you tell me where I am?"

The voice was feeble and tremulous, but soft and low-toned. I glanced up and around to get the exact bearings before I looked at the speaker. Inquiries for directions so often occur that we take little heed of the inquirer, but find out an answer to all questions of that nature as soon as possible, then pass on without giving it or them another thought.

When I had finished my survey I turned to answer, and saw a little, old, bent figure clothed in rusty black—all black, except the border of a white cap under her close winter's bonnet. When I gave her the required information she thanked me—I think more from habitual politeness than any sense of what she was really saying; for she was looking all around with hopeless bewilderment, and her next words were:

"What shall I do? I think I'm lost."

Placing my hand in her arm to attract her attention, I said:

"Will you tell me where you wish to go and perhaps I can help you?"

When she turned her eyes in my direction I saw their dimness, and a sharp pain shot through my heart as I thought, "Old and blind and lost."

To be old should not be felt as a misfortune, nor is it with the right terms of living; because it is surely bearing us to the precious promise. And perhaps no one would really recall his youth, though he might desire a better condition of things. To be old and helpless and in poverty seems hard even to the looker-on, and she—poor little old mother—was blind and lost as well.

When she mentioned the place to which she wished to go, I exclaimed:

"Why, you are more than two miles from there. How came you to get so far astray?"

"Oh! I can't see very well," she answered, not complainingly, but only as an excuse for being lost; but the dim old eyes put in a pitiful plea as they tried to search my face.

"Well, never mind," said I, kindly, "come with me a few blocks and I will put you in the right direction."

We went down the street, she and I; we offered a painful contrast to each other. She, with the infirm, tottering step of old age, told me, oh! so plainly, what I should be if I lived to that age, and I, what she likely had been at mine. As I contemplated her in silence, my thoughts became too oppressive and I began to talk to her. I know I had a strong wish to do her a kindness, and her pale, wan face somehow suggested hunger; but I hesitated a little before I asked her if she was

hungry; for I began to feel tender toward this poor old wanderer with the strange mist of better days about her.

"No, I thank you, I am not hungry," she answered, and, with a little, nervous movement, she showed me, from under her shawl, some broken bits of bread held loosely in her handkerchief, saying, "I took some bread when I started this morning."

Ah! then she was no beggar. If she had been she surely would have taken all I offered her by my question.

By dint of questioning I led her to talk, and in disjointed sentences, broken by her being obliged to pick her way so carefully, she told me many things of herself. It seemed that all places in life were very poor to her now, yet neither by word nor sign did she beg or complain, but, with a troubled shake of her head, she said, with dreary quaintness:

"Once I thought I should always have enough!"

This morning she had come from her cousin's house and was going to one of her husband's relations to stay awhile.

"We are all poor alike, but they have been very good to me since my husband died, two years last New Year."

And at the mention of her dead husband she choked up and the tears came into her eyes and ran down her withered face. She did not seem to be trying my sympathy; she turned her face away from me, as though the grief were all her own, and I saw her wiping the tears away with the corner of her old black shawl. Presently she resumed, with a smile, though it might as well have been tears:

"I try to divide up my time between them, so as not to be too much of a burden to either of them, though I don't need much. A cup of tea and a bit of bread will always do me; if I can get that it's enough. They know I shall not be a burden to them long, and when God is willing," she said, with solemn earnestness, "I shall be glad to go home!"

This last was said hopefully, with a brightening of her whole appearance, and it relieved my heart of the greatest burden of helpless pity ever put upon it by a stranger. Yes, amid all the hardships of life Heaven was real to her.

I felt, somehow, that I could not utter the commonly used words of sympathy. If she had taken my offer of a meal, or even asked me for help in some way, I could have given the commonplace words of kindness and advice and have thought I had done my whole duty. I could not to her; for something in her gentle pride prevented me.

I presume she could not see me taking out my portemonnaie and searching for pennies. At any rate, she gave no heed, nor could she know that I intended to pay her fare on the cars to her desti-

nation. I own I did not just like to tell her, for fear she might refuse the intended kindness. I thought if I said nothing, but hailed the car and paid her fare, she would feel obliged to take her seat. And, too, I calculated on the help of the ever-ready "Hurry up, please," from the conductor if she hesitated. I put up my hand in hail for the car, as we came to the street down which she was to go, saying, at the same time:

"Now you can ride, and it will give you a nice rest after your long walk."

"Why! what!" she exclaimed. "Please don't do that!"

Then I saw my mistake, and I hastened to tell her I would pay the fare.

"Oh! I wish you hadn't done that," she said, in more troubled tones.

I tried to tell her it was all right and it was too far for her to walk, etc. Just then the car came to a halt and the conductor was looking for his passenger. She stepped hesitatingly forward, as she saw me hand the fare to the conductor, and said, stooping toward me, in such wistful tones:

"Oh! I should rather have had it to get me a cup of tea to eat with this." And she made a slight movement of her hand under her shawl.

Ah! that dry bread again. But it was too late. She went straight into the car, not even looking back, and the car started.

Only a cup of tea! The only want she had expressed. I went on down the street with a hurried sense of the whole occurrence, regretting that I had not done her the kindness she probably stood most in need of.

I wonder how often we do charitable acts to the needy according to our own ideas of what they need without regard to what they most anxiously desire. I could not help thinking how much charity was weighed and measured according to prescribed rules, and I tried to appease my regretful feelings by thinking that every one who gave—be it little or much—gave according to his notion of what is needed without consulting the inner feelings or wishes of the recipient. But it availed me nothing in this case. I continually saw the white, withered face of the poor old woman and heard the pleading tones of her voice, as she expressed that one wish; and my mind continued to go over and over the scene until tears came to my relief.

I have resolved to put aside prejudice and the fear of being imposed upon and give my better feelings a chance, when they speak to me as they did that day; for, after all, I fear me the feeling that the money might be mispent prevented my giving her the price of the meal when I had the opportunity.

I question the boast that we are growing wiser at the sacrifice of our better feelings, the only guides we have to keep us doing duty as we are commanded.

Poor old woman wandering in want, when there is such abundance and plenty provided by God's ever bountiful hand! To you I am indebted for these better thoughts, and to you I dedicate my resolve to be guided by my heart's dictation. Though we only met for a few moments and you have passed out from my life forever, yet perhaps your mission was performed. I shall ever feel it such and be thankful that I was thus favored with higher and better feelings, more worthy of the dear Saviour, who said:

"Ye have the poor always with you."

EMILIE EGAN.



AUGUST.

DOES this word contain the possibilities of a pun? [For once, charitable reader, admit that a pun is allowable in serious writing.] We know very well that August, the month, was so called in honor of the Emperor Augustus—but he, himself, took this name in addition to his proper one, Octavius, in order to denote his acquired dignity as supreme ruler of the great Roman Empire.

So, then, the proper name, August, and the adjective *august*, have very nearly the same meaning. So, too, we would not err, in any sense, if we were to say that August was the august month of the year, rightly named. The word forming our heading *does* contain the possibilities

of a pun; but this pun differs from some others in that it refers to literal fact.

August is the august month. June is summer in her youthful, blushing sweetness; but August is summer in her matured, matronly dignity. June we instinctively crown with roses and perfume-breathing grape-blossoms; but August can boast of roses also, and August's grapes are already purpling into the ripened wealth of the year. August, moreover, has added to summer's crimson garlands sprays from the golden ones of autumn, hinting of richer brilliancy in days to come.

Summer in June is a young queen still clad in the festive robes of her coronation day; but summer in August is that same queen, grown a little older, perhaps, but with the charm of wisdom and experience added to her own beauty.

Are August's woods less lovely because they are crowned with fall leaves, than those of June, whose emerald buds have only lately blown? Are not August's rare, sylvan treasures, as the pearly, odor-flinging pyrola and pipsissewa blossoms, far more beautiful than the lavishly scattered buttercups and daisies with which June delights to adorn her fields? Who shall say that August's meadows are not just as green, her waters just as crystalline as those of early June? And are not August's orchards richer than those of June? for while August's are laden with apples, rapidly lightening into yellow

or deepening into red, June's, denuded of the last lingering petal of shriveled, May pink-and-white, are keepers only of insignificant fruit globes, tasteless, scentless, unformed.

How beautiful every young life when like June! But how sad should that young life never develop into ripper beauty, like August!

II—

It is not what we suppose to be possible, but what we believe to be best that we are to aim at; and, though we may and must fall short of it in actual performance, we shall have every inducement for renewed efforts in future attempts. George Herbert says: "He that aims the moon, shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

"A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF" LYDIA ANN.

THE winter rain had been all day falling in chilling torrents, and the river was roaring like a wild beast held in leash.

In a temporary slackening of the deluge, Carl MacDonald, with some craving for the sympathy of the sweetheart who believed in him, flung himself out on the slippery street, and striding across the long, windy bridge turned into the retired street leading down to the little cottage and fruit garden in the bend of the river, where he had spent many a delightful hour talking over the glorious prospects of his future.

Often and often he saw indications of the turning of the golden hinge which was to swing him into the arena of the world's work and triumph. He was always waiting for it. He knew that he was born to brilliant destiny. The supreme moment of revelation hung like the morning star just below his horizon. It would break over him in full splendor presently, and he should see his way. Meantime he waited, hopeful, jubilant, assured.

"But," said the sweetheart, a little perverse and doubtful on this stormy afternoon, shooting her needle swiftly back and forth through an interminable length of embroidery by which she satisfied, or at least held quiet, her restless desire of accomplishment, "but don't you see? your life is slipping away from you while you wait and glow in the imagined warmth of your fire unkindled, and—"

She looked up with quickening heartbeat to mark—as she had marked scores of times—the swift lift of the knightly head, the sudden expansion of breath, the impulsive forward grasp of the hands for the invisible lever by which the elect man of fate was to move mountains by and by.

"With all eternity before us, my Lydian," said he, with intensity of look and burning mystery of tone, "why should we be flurried with nervous note of time? The wise man watches, waits the sublime moment for action."

Lydian—her name had been Lydia Ann before her lover gave it more classic rendering—Lydian bent her blonde head in rebuke and thrust her needle sharply into the heart of an apple-blossom whose hour had come.

Outside sounded a sudden whirr of wheels and splash of hurrying horse-hoofs through the deepening pools of the river street. A moment later Duke Renshaw, a mutual friend of the pair, watching him with smiles from the cottage window, burst in upon them in dripping rain-coat, which he had given himself no time to remove.

"I couldn't pass you without warning," he said, in that hearty, bracing quality of voice which inspires the weak with a sense of support and protection. "We are threatened with overflow, and

you, so near the river bank, Lydia Miller, must make preparations to withdraw with such valuables as you would not risk to loss and damage."

An exclamation of alarm burst from the inner room, and the widow Miller, who had not appeared to the first visitor, rushed to the front with wild inquiry and appeal. The young lady herself, though paling slightly, met the foreboding with a smile.

"We shall need to bag our Crescent seedlings, mother, for the flood will certainly wash them out, to say nothing of our prize Jumbos," she laughed. "And we may as well pull up our Kittatinny and take along our Crimson Beauty raspberry, as we shall depend on these jewels for early market, you know. We have nothing more valuable to save unless it be the plush draperies I am embroidering for the great house of Balatka—"

"There cannot be sufficient danger to put you to any trouble," Carl MacDonald said, a little contemptuously. "A mere apprehension, I'm sure. Don't you think, Duke, that anxiety regarding your interests in the mills has exaggerated your fears for this locality, old fellow?"

"I believe not," Duke Renshaw answered, calmly. "I have already resigned the mills to destruction, and have a strong force of men employed in securing the safety of all transportable property. With the breaking of the ice-gorge at the junction, and the giving way of mill-dams above ours, which are being vainly strengthened, there is no escape from ruin at this point. If our friends will not leave, will you remain at the cottage to-night, Mac, and be of any service required?"

"I?" Carl flushed and hesitated, with the embarrassment of a refusal which, with all his grace, he could not make gracious. "It would give me the greatest pleasure, Lydian," he said, turning apologetically to the young girl, "but to be frank, I am the leader in a delegation which is to wait with a matter of some importance on Governor Clarendon, who is staying at the River House this evening, and the occasion offers a golden opportunity to a struggling young aspirant for political distinction which it is not well to despise, especially as the little speech is already prepared and—"

"Yes, yes," said Renshaw, choking off the explanation with hurried bow of acknowledgment, while Lydian, to whom the excuse was addressed, nodded with smiling hope and encouragement.

"I wouldn't have you miss the chance to swing on any hinge which may prove golden," she said, mischievously using his favorite simile, yet with a glow of sympathy. "And I have no idea that there will be the slightest need of assistance here, so you may 'swing' without the slightest apprehension for our safety."

"But try to secure what you regard as most

valuable, and hold yourself in readiness to leave your home at any hour," struck in Renshaw, warningly. "I have yet much work to accomplish, and will leave you to the care and counsel of Carl, who will doubtless keep his eyes open to the dangers of the situation and find the golden turning-point of existence in the swing of a boat-oar when the hour comes. Excuse uncereemonious leave-taking, my friends."

And with a hasty bow he vanished from the door he had barely entered, and bounding into his buggy whirled rapidly up the streaming street again.

"Duke is just crazed by the danger threatening his property, and he exaggerates the cause," said MacDonald, lightly. "Well, well, the monopolist of this world's goods must have his seasons of peril. It is good for him."

"But Duke Renshaw would have more feeling for those thrown out of employment by his own losses than he would have for himself. He is a brave, good man," said Lydian, valiantly, with mounting fire in her cheek.

"Yes; the kind of man woman always admire," Carl asserted, lifting his head haughtily—"the man calm and easy, with the assured power of worldly position which I, who have no such lordly inheritance, must win by pure force of character against all odds of fate."

And again that swift expansion of chest and sudden movement of command, as though marshaling hosts invisible.

Lydian's heart thrilled a little more faintly than usual to this well-known gesture, but she listened, curbing her creeping dread of threatened terrors, to the outlines of her lover's proposed address, delivered with a nervous energy which did not mark the wandering eye taking note of the defenses to be made against Renshaw's imagined flood, while the quivering mouth smiled sympathetically, and parted, with an approving, "well-done," and "That is good, Carl," at precisely the commendable point.

Mrs. Miller, meantime, with the tremor of the first shock of warning passing from her nerves, was already busily, though quietly, engaged in gathering her silver and other household and personal effects into the smallest possible compass, breaking out in audible lament now and then with the pain and despair of choice between treasures valuable only from associations sacred to herself and impossible to resign without a pang of anguish. Yet somewhere the line must be drawn between home-keeping jewels too precious to lose and too worthless to save, and in painful embarrassment the poor householder called on her Lydian for counsel and sympathy.

"I'll run in to laugh with you to-morrow over the needless alarm and trouble into which Renshaw's trepidation and foreboding have thrown

you," Carl said, as he rose to go. "No personal interest or honor would take me away from you this evening, of course, if there were any danger to be averted, but I assure you there is nothing serious to fear."

"No," assented Lydian, cheerfully. "But go, since your presence stays mother's operations for defense. Good-bye and good luck, my Knight of the Golden Hinge!" she laughed, mockingly.

The rain was still diamally falling when, late at night, the mother and daughter, with due precautions for the safety of everything below, retired to the upper rooms of the little cottage, commending themselves with the trust of miracle believers to the care of a Power blindly entreated to defend us against our own failures. Wearied out at last, they fell asleep in the serene faith that all would be well. But in the gray dawn of the morning they awakened suddenly to the sound of booming waves leaping like hungry wolves at doors and windows, and springing out of bed they found the water already stealing in treacherous pools at their feet.

"Ah, Heaven! my child, my child, we have lost our home indeed, and we may as well perish with it. Why should we care to live?" wailed the panic-stricken mother in the first shuddering realization of calamity which no prayer could avert.

But Lydian, with valor to do or die, was hurrying on her dress with hopeful and inspiring words that quickened the nerveless woman to similar action.

"But what are we to do, Liddy?" she asked through chattering teeth, looking out over the waste of water surrounding them on all sides, the giving way of mill-dams above having precipitated upon the curving shore at that point a sudden deluge momentarily increasing at a rate unprecedented in the history of local floods.

"Well, we made a great mistake in not heeding Duke's advice to escape while we could do so in freedom and safety; but there is really nothing but outside relief to depend upon now, though we may catch a floating roof or timber, if nothing better offers," Lydia answered, composedly. "Carl will come to the rescue presently, mother; keep up courage a little longer."

And even in the consciousness of their peril the girl smiled, thinking how eagerly the knightly lover would seize on this sublime moment for "action" which he was always waiting.

As the morning light advanced, she discerned here and there, amid floating ice and timbers, what appeared to be boats directed with evident aim and purpose, and one of these she soon discovered bearing directly toward the submerged cottage. She opened the window to the intruding flood and leaned out with the joy of the ark-sailors welcoming the olive-branch.

"Carl is coming for us! courage, mother!" she called. "Let us be ready to embark at once. Ah! bless me!" she added, with a sudden sob, "to think of leaving all our pets—my Daisy kitten, my dear dog Faithful, and the birds whose morning songs are already drowned in the flood!" And she broke down utterly.

"Oh! better to cling to our home, without which we shall be wretched!" wailed the trembling mother.

But there was no moment left for lament or hesitation. Making themselves ready with such articles of value as they had compressed to the smallest possible compass, they stood waiting to drop from the window into the skiff, already grating against the cottage walls.

"So good of you. But I knew we could trust you, Carl," was Lydian's greeting exclamation.

"Yes," said the gentleman, letting go his oar to reach up a hand in assistance of the elder lady, whom Lydian pushed to the front, "there's no time to lose; the mill wreck is tossing down stream, and if the heavy timbers swirl against the cottage it must be swept from its foundations. Let us, if possible, escape with our lives."

He had already settled Mrs. Miller in the stern of the boat and was waiting for Lydian to swing herself from the window-ledge and drop to the bow, which he held firmly beneath.

But she stood an instant confounded by surprise greater than of floods.

It was not Carl MacDonald. It was Duke Renshaw.

"I beg your pardon," she said, humbly, as his arm sustained her descent.

"The mistake was natural," he answered, placing her in the seat facing his own.

No word was spoken for a space while Renshaw vigorously plied the oars, his face, in the gray morning light, showing deathly pallor and the inflexibility of invincible purpose.

"Lydia," he spoke, suddenly, reversing the movement of the boat to evade a wreck of timbers straight in the track of one just escaped, "there is no certainty that we shall make our landing alive and in safety. Let me tell you, then, with my last breath, that I love you better than my life, and that I count it joy to die with you should I fail to save."

There was no response. The strangeness of the experience and its total unreality gave to Lydian a sense of existence already beyond earthly limits, and the swift thrill that went through her heart seemed a foretaste of the life upon which she was entering.

It was never clear to her what happened. She saw her mother crouching, with hands clasped and eyes uplifted in an agony of prayer; but her own gaze was fixed on the strong, resolute face that rose between her and the floating mass of timbers bearing down upon their track, and all her power,

mental and physical, seemed concentrating in the muscular arms straining to turn the boat out of the path of danger. Utterly absorbed in Renshaw's effort, she was only conscious of a stunning shock—of the engulfment of light in the cold, smothering flood; of the clasp of a strong arm lifting her above the dragging current.

A long eternity followed, in which she seemed to have passed through a stage of existence, wonderful in experiences that she found unutterable in human speech, like the dreams which haunt us with vivid impressions, while they cannot be revealed with any distinctness of form or faithfulness of coloring.

When, with a shuddering sense of lapse from infinite light and beauty to deathly coldness and decay, she opened her eyes and looked vacantly about her, she slowly distinguished herself lying on the crimson cushions of her own seat in church, surrounded on all sides by shivering, forlorn, haggard-faced men, women, and children tossed there by the flood, which had swept away home and substance, driving them to the shelter of God's house—indeed, to many of them, a place not hitherto frequented.

"Thank God!" breathed a fervent voice at her side, and she turned, with bewildered, uncomprehending look, to meet her mother's tender kiss of greeting and gratitude.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, with a vague sense of some calamity that had befallen them.

"Do you recollect nothing, dear child?" questioned Mrs. Miller, while Lydian vacantly pressed her hand to her forehead. "Our boat was struck, you know, by a floating wreck of the mills, and we were dashed in the water, from which I was quickly snatched by some one sent out to the relief of the flood-bound, but whose light skiff was already too-heavily freighted to risk another passenger, and so Duke was forced to swim with you to the nearest landing, and, thank Heaven! saved your life without loss of his own."

"And where is Duke?" asked Lydian, lifting herself with sudden accession of strength, her eyes luminous, her cheeks glowing.

"Under the surgeon's care in the temporary hospital beyond the screen at the right of the pulpit," returned Mrs. Miller. "His arm was broken by a blow from the projecting timbers that upset his boat. It seems a miracle that he succeeded in reaching the shore with you."

"I must see him; take me to Duke," said Lydian, standing up, tremblingly.

"Not now, Liddy. He is surrounded by sympathizers and by devoted employees, who are bewailing his losses, which are also theirs, in the total destruction of the mills. Wait a little; I will fetch you a cup of hot coffee. Fresh supplies are just coming in, I see."

"What ails you, mother? you seem so queer," said Lydian, a moment later, sipping from the coarse earthenware bowl with the burnished new tin spoon which charity provided, while her eyes ran curiously over her mother's somewhat portly figure clad in old-style black waterproof with flowing cape.

Mrs. Miller glanced down at her attire with a flicker of a smile.

"Consider yourself, my dear," she said, plucking at the voluminous, gay-hued wrapper in which Lydian's *petite* form was draped, the long sleeves rolled back from the slender wrists and the trailing skirt falling over a pair of old embroidered slippers, one of which dropped from her small foot, as she slightly lifted it in surprised contemplation. "You see, we are all thankful for any apparel that relieves us of our own drenched garments, and the noble charity of people living above the flood has provided bountifully for nearly every one here," Mrs. Miller explained.

"Particularly for me," smiled Lydian, dropping another generous slipper, as she turned to look over the motley crowd in the church aisles and seats.

The ludicrous effect of the scene was heightened at that instant by the ascent to the platform of a very tall, ungainly man, in short, blue pantaloons, barely reached by flame-colored stockings thrust in immense Arctic overshoes, his extraordinary figure otherwise decorated by a floriferous dressing-gown much too brief in body and sleeves and which pitched over his stooping shoulders with despairing grace, as he flourished his arms in eloquent relation of his own losses by flood.

"But, my friends an' fellow-sufferers, I hev a good deal to be thankful fur—we all hev a great deal to be thankful fur!" he said, flinging himself in enthusiastic appeal to his straggling line of listeners. "My bretheren and sisteren, we mustn't git downhearted. Be strong, my fellow-men and—and ladies! Be brimmin' full of hope an' courage! Believe, every one a ye, that though yer turned out a house an' home, some greater good than all we've lost is acomin' to every soul on us—the Lord knows how!"

A faint cheer ran along the aisles, whether awakened by the absurd appearance of the orator or by the magnetic influence of his abounding faith, which sent a sympathetic thrill through the chilled hearts of his auditors, scarcely mattered, since it caused a momentary diversion in their miseries and afforded a fresh note to the ubiquitous reporter, who, with characteristic enterprise, had rushed to the scene by the earliest boat.

"And, alas! we are to go into history," murmured Lydian, marking the falcon eye and the suspended pencil waiting to pounce on the next sensational item.

In the midst of the harangue, Carl MacDonald

came hurrying in, with seeking glance over the house.

"Such a time as I have had searching for you," he said, breathlessly, reaching with a bound the retired position of his friends.

"Indeed!" smiled Lydian, with the faintness of winter sunshine. "Why did you take so much trouble?"

"That's not intended as a reproach, I know, true heart," he answered, winningly, but with rising color. "Nothing would have held me from coming to your relief under ordinary circumstances. You see, I was waiting on the Governor when the alarm of danger ran like wildfire through the hotel, and though my impulse was to hasten to you at once, the Governor's daughter, who accompanied him, was so utterly unnerved by fear that I could not, in politeness, you know, refuse her touching appeal for assistance and support in their hurried departure to the train, which they were eager to reach before the station was cut off and travel intercepted by the swift-rising water. As it was, we took a circuitous route, which I found, when I came to return, blockaded at the upper bridge, and I was compelled to retrace my way and circle about until all possible chance of communicating with your cottage was out of the question, and I had to address myself to the work of finding you, dead or alive, driven nearly wild with the fear that you might feel I had forgotten you. Not till daybreak was I able to get any trace of you. And now I have to learn the particulars of your escape."

"Tell him, mother," said Lydian.

And Mrs. Miller tersely related the story of their rescue, giving Duke Renshaw's prominent action therein a vivid coloring, which Carl set down as highly exaggerated, of course, but painfully contrasting, he inwardly acknowledged, with his own shadowy intentions of service.

"It was very thoughtful of Renshaw, certainly," he said, in acceptance of the facts. "I'm sorry that he was injured. I must go and thank him for his care of you," he added, rising and moving toward the screen indicated as Renshaw's shield in misfortune.

"Now I wonder on what grounds that presumptuous young person claims the privilege of thanking our preserver?" remarked Mrs. Miller, with some acerbity. "Do you belong to him, Liddy?"

"There has been a kind of airy intelligence between us, mother, that sometime when he reaches the heights of glory to which he aspires, Carl is to step down and lift me to his supernal eminence in the tender relation unexpressed but understood as the most sacred and binding in life," Lydian said, slowly, speaking of the matter with as little emotion as if it belonged to a former state of existence.

"Well, I must say I can't see any privileges in

an engagement as vague and unsubstantial as that," said Mrs. Miller, very decidedly; "and I don't think it necessary for Mr. Carl to assume any further responsibility in our case."

"Mr. Carl" came back before Lydian agreed, if inclined to agree, with the maternal resolution.

"Duke is very comfortable," he reported, "and as he is now free from visitors, requests me to say that he should be happy to see Mrs. Miller and daughter. I will now leave you for a little to hunt up quarters which shall be more private and agreeable to you."

"No, indeed, Carl; we are feeling wonderfully at home and hardly care to leave until the church-garrison is broken up," Lydian said, with covert unwillingness to go away from Duke.

"I will return this afternoon," said Carl, as if she had not spoken, "and report the possibilities of the situation. Adieu, sweetheart," and, with parting hand-clasp, he hastened away.

"No doubt he will come, if he doesn't fall in with a chance to further his political interests," said Mrs. Miller, cynically; for Carl had never been a favorite of hers. "Now let us visit Duke."

Lydian rose, lifted her foot for the forward step, and left her slipper behind.

"Whatever can I do?" she laughed, perplexedly.

"Here, Miss," said a buxom woman across the aisle, pulling a pair of dainty opera slippers from her pocket; "here's what some fine lady sent in an' I can't get my great toe in 'em, but I thought I'd keep 'em fur what they'd fetch. Mebbe we kin swop?"

And the "swop," effected on the spot, though it did not give elegance to Lydian's attire, enabled her to make her way to the quarters where Duke, propped up on a temporary couch and looking very pale from repressed pain, greeted them with luminous smile of welcome as he extended his uninjured left hand in greeting.

"It is altogether restoring to see you both looking so well after our mutual encounter with danger," he said, with eloquent eyes turning on Lydian, whose delicate face was flushing rosy under the yellow cloud of hair which recent deluging had rippled in countless shining spirals that defied the confinement of the single hair-pin left from the flood.

What words could she find to express her gratitude? But her mother was overflowing with appropriate utterance of thanks and tears of regret and compassion for all their deliverer had suffered and was suffering in their behalf.

"Don't speak of it, madam," he said, lifting his hand deprecatingly; "my intentions to serve you were nearly enough frustrated to leave us nothing to congratulate ourselves upon but the sustaining force of a will more powerful than ours. My injuries are really of so slight a nature that I

shall soon be upon duty again, carrying my arm in a sling by way of diversion, perhaps. Are you at all comfortable here? You must remove to a private house as soon as Carl finds one that will be agreeable to you."

"But we are very well situated, considering the circumstances," struck in Lydian. "I like this Bohemian life and the queer people who come wonderfully near us in common suffering. Besides, we wish to do what we may to lighten your miseries," she added, touching pitifully the bandaged arm.

Renshaw's face glowed a moment with sudden fire, only to fall the next instant into the pallor of ashes.

"It is very sweet of you—but—I cannot permit you to stay," he said. "I shall probably be taken in by some Samaritan very soon."

Lydian withdrew with a chilling sense of rebuff. The talk immediately changed to a discussion of the damages of the flood and the loss of property sustained by both parties—a matter which seemed to afford little ground for congratulation on either side.

"Of course, I am utterly ruined," Duke said, cheerfully. "I shall have opportunity to try my metal in fresh fields of action and endeavor, however, and the outlook is spanned with rainbows of hope and promise."

"And I," flashed Lydian, "now that cottage and strawberries have taken unadvised departure, shall seek out some brilliant and original avenue of employment open to mother and me, and we shall be numbered among the brave and illustrious women who not only succeed in comfortable self-maintenance, but amass independent fortunes, by which they are able to help less fortunate ones to hopeful occupation. I feel capable of wonderful accomplishment."

Duke, gazing fixedly at the illuminated window beyond him, made no remark.

They were partaking together of an informal lunch, arranged by Mrs. Miller as temptingly as the chaotic condition of the culinary department would permit, when Carl MacDonald came back.

"The water is abating," he announced, "with the swift outflow of the mill-flood, which broke over with such terrific force at daybreak. And I have found very pleasant lodgings for Mrs. Miller and daughter at the house of a friend, who requests that they shall accept his hospitality at the earliest possible moment, and I will see that the transfer is made before evening."

Lydian lifted her eyebrows. Mrs. Miller knit hers in vexed thought.

"We will let you know before that time if we care to remove," she said, quietly.

"You don't know, my dear girl," Carl said a little later, drawing Lydian aside for brief private interview, "no one can know, how deeply I regret

my inability to realize our cherished dream in this hour of misfortune."

"Our dream?" questioned Lydian, vaguely.

Carl felt a jarring discord in the irresponsible tone and glance of inquiry.

"Our hope of some day sharing every joy and interest of life together," he explained, with awkward sense of trying to send a communication over broken wires.

"If I have actually entertained such hope—I am not certain that I ever did—" Lydian said, slowly, trying to analyze the bubble of sentiment that had burst in her hand, "I have lost it, lost it utterly, Carl. Some joys, many interests, but not every joy and interest in life we may share—"

That spasmodic gesture and flash of emotion which had so often caught Lydian's breath went over Carl with the swiftness of an electric shock.

He was one who finds the jewel slipping from his grasp more precious than when he thought he held it in firm hand, and had time and place allowed he might have postured and raved with the passion of a hero of the stage. As it was, he could only say, with a look which the girl met with frank, honest eyes:

"I have believed, with reason, that the happiness of your life was centered in mine, Lydian."

"Have I given you such reason? Alas! a girl under the charm of vague, beautiful sentiment, indefinitely urged, falls into pitiful errors before she knows her own heart," sighed Lydian. "Pardon my self-deception, Carl, and let us be henceforward frank, honest, plain-dealing friends, without a shadow of sentiment."

Mrs. Miller, coming up that moment with a friend who had just arrived to look after them, interrupted the talk to say they were to return with him at the earliest practicable opportunity.

"And so," she added, turning to Carl, "you will excuse us for declining the hospitality you have so kindly enlisted to entertain us, as it is pleasanter to go with our own kin."

The young man bowed stiffly and walked over to pay his compliments to Duke.

There was nothing in Renshaw's bearing toward Lydian to indicate that he had any remembrance of the words he had spoken to her in the face of death. She herself wondered if they might not, after all, be an illusion of danger, and strove to put them out of mind, though they lingered with echo of heavenly melody in her heart.

She said to Carl in later meetings:

"Now that I realize the true nature of my regard for you, I feel that I may be in the future an infinitely better friend than I have been in the past, for I see with so much clearer perceptions the ways in which I may be of service to you, if you will allow me to speak freely of matters which I once submitted to your judgment, not without a

curious, painful doubt that you were somewhat wrong in your motives and methods of advancement. Will you honor such a friend, Carl?"

"You know very well that I cannot refuse your interest on any terms," he said, softened by her humility, steadied by her firmness, "but a man must pursue his life plans with inflexible purpose if he expects to realize his ambitions."

Weeks later, when the bird's-nest cottage, which had, after all, resisted the flood, though terribly racked and shattered, had been partially restored to its former comfort, the longing occupants came back like robins to the wonted nooks, and were striving to make the waste places blossom with the old beauty, not without sorrow over much that could not be renewed.

In this both sad and pleasant occupation they were surprised one fair May day by Duke Renshaw, who, with arm still carried in a sling, appeared with smiling congratulations on the return, of which he had received notice.

"It is more than I dared to hope on that wild night to see you both safe in the dear home again," he said.

"Nor could we have been without your care," returned Mrs. Miller, promptly. "The high water mark on the walls shows plainly that we must have been drowned had we remained."

"Then I have not lived vainly," was the gallant response.

But Mrs. Miller, intent on some pressing domestic duty within, had vanished from the sunny veranda where Lydian stood tying the remnants of a once luxurious honeysuckle to the old supports.

"Lydia," Duke said, taking swift advantage of his opportunity, "if you have not forgotten I must ask you to pardon the rash confession made in that perilous moment when I simply felt that you belonged to Death and me—not to Carl."

"To Carl?" breathed Lydian, with a feeling that she had remembered too well, perhaps. "I do not belong to Carl. There is only the tie of friendship—enduring, I hope—between us."

Duke started and walked silently to the other end of the veranda, looking out over the shining river that smiled and rippled under his glance as if it had never wrought him evil. Then he turned and walked back, standing speechless before Lydian, whose fingers shook in their continued work.

"There were no worldly considerations in that supreme moment," he said presently; "we had all the wealth of Heaven. Restored to mortal conditions, I am a financially ruined man."

"Of what significance is that?" the girl asked, facing him with radiant eyes. "A few calm strokes will make you master of the situation you choose. You are not the man to wait the turning of a golden hinge to lift you into power."

Duke smiled in recognition of the familiar symbol of Carl.

"Our friend," he said, "is, like many another aspirant to public place, viewing politics simply as a kind of jacking machinery, the lucky pull of which will lift them to coveted position and power."

"And that is why I think clear-seeing, noble-minded citizens, like yourself, err in taking so little interest and action in politics, leaving everything to selfish speculators ready at any time to sacrifice their country's good to their own promotion," Lydian responded, earnestly.

"With such reminders of my duty I might be more faithful in its execution," Duke said, accepting the compliment and reproof with equal grace. "But just now I am most solicitous to know if I am pardoned for confession of love at an untimely hour."

"If you will repeat it," Lydian said, naïvely, blushing reaching for the last bruised branch of honeysuckle.

A. L. MUZZEY.

GONE TO GOD.

FOLD the waxen hands to-day,
Baby's gone to rest;
Perfect image wrought in clay,
Little white soul flown away
To the kingdom blest.

Little hands! how still they lie!
Part the daisied sod;
Little lips, they do not cry,
Not a teardrop dims the eye,
Baby's gone to God.

Shining rings of finest hair—
Smooth them soft away;
Pearly forehead round and fair—
Baby, will they know you there
In the land of day?

Little feet, no more to run
Restless to and fro;
All the earthly journey done,
Baby sweet! your victory's won—
With the angels go.

C. H.

ONE man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast for another day. Another one enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all. One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes. One man thinks that he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he has not it. Another thinks that he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this. One man makes up his accounts from his wants, another from his assets.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFETIME.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER III.

AS soon as Clare had succeeded in restoring Bertha to a state of comparative calmness, Harold renewed his persuasions, but in a less exciting manner.

"Do you not see, my darling, that the course that I recommend is safest and best for us both?" he asked, after artfully representing the danger of leaving her with no tie for mutual protection.

"Perhaps it is," she answered, passively.

"Thank you, my precious one," he said, gratefully, and leaving the room for a moment, returned, followed by a magistrate and his mother.

"Come, my darling," he said, extending his hand, and ere she was scarcely aware of what she was doing, the bewildered and irresponsible girl was standing by his side and the ceremony was progressing which made her the wife of Harold Clyde.

The next difficulty was in overcoming her reluctance to remain at the cottage; but Clare represented the impropriety of subjecting herself to the scrutiny of the prying eyes of the servants in her agitated state, and volunteered to go in person and give a satisfactory explanation of her absence, and, with her own will overpowered, as it had been from the first, Bertha was prevailed upon to remain. She went home to breakfast, but the traces of the recent agitation were still visible in her pallid features, which instantly arrested the attention of Mrs. Dunivan, and no assurances could convince the motherly woman that she was not ill, and when Bertha excused herself as soon as possible and retired to her own room to avoid the officious questioning, she followed with a bowl of herb tea.

Yielding to the good woman's persuasions, Bertha did not attend school that day, and, in fact, the intense excitement of the previous evening had disturbed her nerves to such an extent that she was totally unfit for study; but toward evening she walked over to the cottage to learn if her husband had departed. To her joy and relief, he had not gone.

He informed her that he had received news which would justify him in awaiting further developments, but requested her to call later in the evening, that he might bid her good-bye if he should be suddenly summoned away.

In spite of Mrs. Dunivan's remonstrance, she did as she was desired; but he was not summoned, though every moment expecting a telegram.

When she came from school on the following evening her aunt had returned. Mrs. Dunivan had already informed her of Bertha's unusual conduct in remaining away two nights in direct

opposition to her wishes, and her apparent illness, which the solicitous woman ascribed to taking cold by changing her place of sleeping.

Mrs. Burns gave an exclamation of surprise when her gaze first rested upon the pale and anxious features, so different from the joyous, laughing girl from whom she had parted.

"Oh! I am so glad that you have come!" exclaimed Bertha, impulsively; "I wanted you so much while you were away."

"You are ill, dear," said Mrs. Burns, kissing her affectionately. "But tell me, child, what could have induced you to remain away during my absence."

Bertha's face crimsoned like a rose, as she said:

"I can tell you all about it, auntie, but I could not explain to Mrs. Dunivan. I yielded to the persuasions of my husband and remained at the cottage in apparent disobedience to your wishes. Oh! how I did long for the guidance of your counsel on the evening of my marriage!"

Mrs. Burns sank back upon the nearest chair and gasped for breath. Her face was pale as death, and a blow from a giant's hand could not have hurt her as did these words.

"You surely do not mean it, child; your mind is wandering," she said, as soon as she could recover the power of speech.

"Mrs. Dunivan has told you that I am ill, but my mind has not wandered and I speak only truth," said Bertha, placing a duplicate of her marriage-certificate before the astonished woman; for Harold had retained possession of the original.

"My child! my child!" shrieked the aunt, hysterically, "what terrible thing is this?"

"Terrible, auntie? I scarcely understand you," said the girl, somewhat disturbed by the aunt's manner. "It was to be expected that I should marry sometime, but this was as unexpected to me as to you. If I had even thought of such a thing before you went away, I could have told you all about it; but it is true that I am the wife of the very noblest, best, and kindest man in all the world, excepting papa!"

"O Bertha! Bertha! what a competent judge of men you are!" groaned the aunt, looking at the girl as if she were an innocent lamb expatiating upon the kindness and virtue of some grim, gaunt wolf.

"You shall see for yourself," replied the girl, confidently; "but, in fact, I do feel such a relief since you know it, although I am sure that you cannot help liking him; he is so good and true and handsome."

"But why did you not wait for my return?" asked Mrs. Burns.

"I wanted to wait; I plead so hard, first to wait for papa, then for you. I did not want to take such a step, especially at the present time, unless with your counsel and approval, and Harold was

so sorry that you were away, for he felt sure that you would see that under the circumstances it was the proper course to pursue. But, although I did want the confirmation of your judgment and longed so much for your counsel, I had confidence in him," said the girl, truthfully.

"Tell me all about it, child," said the aunt, faintly, with face ashy pale and a feeling akin to that experienced when one hears the news of unexpected death.

And Bertha told her all, from her first acquaintance with Harold to the time of the consummation of the marriage.

"And has he gone?" she asked.

"No," replied Bertha, "the uncle is better, and he may not be compelled to go at all."

"My child, my poor child," wailed Mrs. Burns, rising from her chair and pacing the room in a state of mind bordering on distraction. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" she groaned, wringing her hands in the excess of her grief and apprehension.

"Do? what do you want to do?" asked the girl, frightened at this unexpected outburst of lamentation. "What is the matter, auntie? I cannot understand you."

"O my poor child! I hope that you never will understand it; but if I have thoughtlessly permitted the tender dove that has been intrusted to my care to be stolen away by ravenous vultures, how shall I account to your father for not returning my precious charge as it came to me?" asked the woman, in the very accents of despair.

"Aunt Martha, you speak in riddles," replied the girl, excitedly; "Harold is not going to take me away; he said that it would make no alteration whatever in the course of study that has been marked out for me. I am to remain here until my education is completed, then we will go home, or, if papa desires it, Harold will travel with me, to still further improve my mind. Papa may think at first that I have been a little hasty, but he is never unreasonable."

Mrs. Burns saw the utter futility of distressing her niece with her own grief and consternation, and she merely said:

"Well, never mind, dear; if your father is satisfied I have not a word of fault to find."

"Thank you, auntie," replied the girl, gratefully, throwing her arms around the motherly woman's neck and kissing her affectionately; "I feel as if a weight had been removed from my mind since I have told you all."

Mrs. Burns retired to her own room and tried to calm her grief and nervous agitation sufficiently to arrive at some conclusion of what to do. It had come upon her with the suddenness of a lightning stroke, and had the girl fallen dead at her feet she could scarcely have been overcome with grief and consternation.

"The cruel and wicked plot is plain to me now, but how little I dreamed of the danger that threatened the child," she moaned; "and what will be the future consequences of this ill-advised act?"

At length she returned to Bertha.

"My child," she said, laying her hand caressingly upon the sunny head, "I have not one word of reproach for you; it is not for me to chide you, since I have been ignorantly to blame, though God knows how innocently, but you have taken a very important step, and I want you to promise that you will not leave the house again until your father comes."

"Not even to bid Harold good-bye if he is summoned away?" she asked.

"He will not go far, you may depend upon it; but will you promise?" persisted the aunt.

"If you wish it very much, auntie, but I would not like to have Harold think ill of me," replied the girl, hesitatingly.

"You can explain in a note which will be sent to him; but, my child, you really must yield to my wishes in this matter, and when your father comes I will no longer interfere with you. When you are older you will understand me better, but for the sake of all the care and kindness that I have tried to show you, you will promise, Bertha?"

"Yes," she answered, reluctantly, wondering what her husband would think of such apparent neglect of himself.

"You may write as soon as you please, and I will see that he receives it," replied Mrs. Burns.

Accordingly the note was written, and a servant dispatched with it.

Harold read and handed it to his sister.

"The aunt has returned to find that her fortress has been successfully besieged in her absence, but it is not for the conquered to dictate terms of peace, and she is assuming a little too much authority over my wife," he said.

"It is but natural that the woman should be overwhelmed with surprise and consternation," replied Clare; "and since everything has been legally carried out to our satisfaction so far, perhaps it will be best to conciliate the 'powers that be.'"

"Until such time as I can profitably consult my own wishes, perhaps it is." And, accordingly, he penned a reply couched in most dutiful and respectful language toward Mrs. Burns, and begging Bertha to assure her of his sincere regret that circumstances had compelled them to consummate the marriage without consulting her, who had an acknowledged and undoubted right to be consulted.

This note Bertha handed to her aunt with an assuring smile, but Mrs. Burns read it with feelings of wrath and indignation, that he should even attempt to flatter and deceive her, to whom his baseness and treachery were as clear as day.

There was no sleep that night for the unhappy woman. How could she tell the father of the blighted prospects of his child? would he ever forgive her for that which had happened while his cherished daughter was in her care? But the most important question was, to what extent would this ill-advised marriage cloud and shadow Bertha's future happiness?

The next morning she received a telegram from her brother, Christopher Linn, informing her that he would be with them that day.

She withheld the news from Bertha and went alone to meet him.

"Where is Bertha?" was the question that greeted her, as he took her hand with all the cordial earnestness of a strong and affectionate nature.

"At home," replied Mrs. Burns.

"And well?" he asked, with an eager, questioning look in the clear, dark eyes.

"Yes; but—"

"But what?" he interrupted. "Tell me quickly, Martha, there is *something*; what is it? I see it in your countenance; don't keep me in suspense!"

"She is married," said Mrs. Burns, in a low, faltering voice.

"Married! O Martha!"

A volume of abuse could not have expressed the depth of reproach that trembled in these tones, and the sudden paling of the features that a moment before were radiant in the anticipation of a joyous meeting, told how deeply the emotions of the strong man were stirred.

"Do not blame me too severely, brother," said the woman, pitifully; "for had I but the slightest warning I would have fought like a tigress in defense of her young ere she should have gone from me."

"My child was not wont to be thus disobedient," he said, huskily.

"Come," she said, "and on our way I will tell you all."

When she had finished, the features of the father were white with rage and pain, the powerful frame trembled like the oak before the blast, and his silence was like the portentous stillness that precedes the fierce cyclone.

"What can we do?" asked Mrs. Burns, at length, frightened by the fearful agony that convulsed his features.

"Do?" he asked, in low, firm tones; "I shall shoot the villain the instant that my eyes may rest upon him."

She was silent for a moment. He was not given to making idle threats, and she knew that if Harold Clyde were at that moment before him he would meet with as little mercy as a ravenous wolf that came prowling around his fold.

"Brother," she said at length, "what would be the effect upon the delicate organization of your

child if you were to administer such stern justice?"

A groan was his only answer.

"The poor girl is completely infatuated with him; she believes that she has wedded the truest, noblest, and best of men—yourself excepted—and all that she requires to complete her happiness is the assurance that you will approve her course, which she feels certain that you will do when you know the circumstances; for, she says, you were never unreasonable; and the consequences of inflicting just punishment upon the scoundrel would be even more fatal to her happiness than the dreadful step which she has been treacherously induced to take."

"If it were some youthful scapegrace, who had fallen in love with herself, I could forgive his folly and help to make the most of whatever manhood he might develop; but for this man of mature years, who has plotted and planned with all the consummate villainy of a midnight assassin, there is no reconciliation with me. A knowledge of his own unworthiness has prevented him from conducting his suit in a fair and honorable manner, and to me he can never be any more than the sneaking coyote, that seems almost too contemptible to shoot," he said, in a voice in which contempt for the man and indignation for the wrong were struggling for expression.

"I have not one word to offer for him, but our darling is his legal wife, and her welfare is the vital question to us now," said the woman. "We cannot destroy her infatuation. Any attempt to separate them at the present time will only give him the character of a persecuted saint, whose only crime consists in loving her and to whom duty as well as affection will require her to cling. I see no better way than to avoid wounding her feelings unnecessarily and give him time to dispel the illusion himself, which he will do far more effectually than we. He cannot change his nature, and if we let him alone, sooner or later he will drop the mask of saintliness which he has been wearing and stand before her in his true character, especially if he fails to secure the fortune which he has anticipated. He has the law upon his side, and the shot that would make her a widow would also deprive her of a father, and, possibly, of her reason. You are too much shocked and grieved by the occurrence to think rationally about it now, but I implore you to be guilty of no rash act, and let not her joy at meeting you be clouded by your displeasure; for God knows that there will be wretchedness enough in her lifetime in spite of all the sunshine that we can shed upon her."

By this time the carriage had stopped at the gate, and Bertha came flying down the walk to meet her father.

"O papa! I am so glad to see you," she ex-

claimed, joyously, clasping her arms about his neck, as she used to do when a little child.

The father's voice was husky with emotion as he tried to return her greeting, and the tears came welling up to his eyes as he looked upon her, so young, so innocent and beautiful, and thought of all the grand and glorious promises of her womanhood, marred, if not blighted, by this one false and hasty step.

Mrs. Burns led the way to the pleasant parlor, and after a few moments left them alone.

The father could see that there was something upon her mind which she wished to impart, but scarcely knew how to begin, and at length he said:

"My daughter, your aunt informs me that you have formed a very important relation during her brief absence."

"Yes, papa," she answered, "and I cannot feel content until I have told you all about it and received the assurance that you are not displeased with me, for I had only Harold and his sister to advise me, and when I am with them I feel as if I had done right, but when I am alone I am not so sure; but when you tell me that you approve I shall be so happy and content. Tell me, papa, that you are not displeased with me," she said, with her eyes fixed upon his face with a pleading look and a troubled, doubting expression upon the girlish features, just as she used to do years ago when grieved by some childish fear.

The strong man turned his face away, that she might not see the effort that it cost him as he answered:

"My child, if this marriage secures your happiness and well-being it is all that I desire; your welfare is my greatest earthly concern."

"Thank you, papa; now I can be happy," she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him affectionately. "But, papa, you do not look really satisfied."

"Can you wonder that I feel a little sad when I know that the light of my dwelling is mine no longer, when I had hoped to keep you for years to come? I do not blame you, but you must not expect me to resign my long-cherished hopes without a sigh," he said.

"O papa!" she said, "do not talk so despondently; we will go home and stay with you as soon as my education is finished," she said, cheerily.

"My dear child, I would be glad to have you with me always, but I am not so selfish as to accept any sacrifice from him; he doubtless has his own plans for the future, and he shall sacrifice none of them for my gratification; so be content and as happy as you can, and let no thought of my loneliness mar your enjoyment for a single moment. I want you to continue your studies as long as you can, and whenever you need your papa send for me and I will come to you," said the father.

"You are the kindest, most unselfish man in the whole world. You love me just as much as Harold does, and I doubt if he would resign me for your sake, as you have done for his," she said, thoughtfully.

"Harold is waiting to see you, papa," said Bertha, coming into the room where Mr. Linn and his sister were engaged in earnest consultation upon the following day.

"Let him come in," said the father, with a visible paling of his features as the little fairy sped away.

The next moment she returned with her husband, whom she introduced with an air of pride and self-complacency which nothing but her own innocence and ignorance of the real situation could have given.

Mr. Linn merely bowed and motioned the visitor to a seat, without extending his hand in the cordial, Texan heartiness with which he was accustomed to greet his friends, and Mrs. Burns acknowledged his presence in a manner equally distant. Of course, this did not escape Bertha's notice, but she attributed it to the extreme deference which Harold's commanding presence could not fail to inspire!

Harold took a seat with a confident, self-assured air, as if fully conscious of being master of the situation, but still willing to act the part of the generous conqueror.

Mr. Linn was a shrewd and keen observer of his fellow-men, and not a shade of expression of the handsome but sinister features escaped him. There was a sort of condescending, would-be conciliatory manner about the son-in-law that irritated him greatly, and after a few moments Mrs. Burns, who had been closely watching her brother's countenance, excused herself and Bertha, leaving the gentlemen alone.

After a sort of preliminary conversation, Clyde approached the subject of his marriage by saying:

"My union with your daughter no doubt seems somewhat hasty and ill-advised, but I suppose that she has acquainted you with the circumstances which rendered it necessary."

"She has given me a child's credulous version of the matter, and I have not wounded her feelings by expressing my own views," replied the father, sternly.

"I hope you will not judge her too harshly," said Clyde, in a tone that was intended to be conciliatory, but which only had the effect of irritating the father still further.

"I do not judge her harshly," he replied, impatiently. "I attach no more blame to the child than I would to a bird that had been fascinated and seized by a serpent; but you have seriously interfered with my plans concerning her, and now I would like to know what you intend to do."

"That will in a great measure depend upon yourself," answered Clyde, in the most gracious manner that he could assume. "I shall make no further arrangements without consulting you, or possibly allowing you to dictate to me in regard to my future course."

"In that case," replied the father, "I should say, leave the child in my care until she has completed her education."

"And how long a period of time will that embrace?" asked the husband.

"She should have at least four years more at school before she is at all competent to fill the responsible position of a wife," answered the father.

"I am perfectly satisfied with my wife as she is," replied Clyde, with a smile, "but nevertheless, I am willing to gratify you as far as circumstances will permit, the more so since I had no opportunity of consulting you previous to our marriage. Permit me to ask where you propose to have her educated?"

"I will send her, at my own expense, to the best schools which the country affords," replied the father.

"I will consent to any arrangement which does not separate her from me," replied Clyde, with the manner of one who has seen through a scheme which he was not expected to understand. "I cannot have her taken away and surrounded by associations and influences which might tend to estrange her from me. Domestic differences, you know, are unpleasant in any family, and my wife is young; consequently, I feel it incumbent upon myself to take such care of her as her tender years will demand."

To the father he seemed so much like the serpent in the garden of Eden that he felt a strong desire to crush the head of the miscreant under his heel in true Texan style; but he had self-command to a remarkable degree where his child was concerned, and the thought of her alone saved Clyde from feeling the strength of the Texan's hand.

The look of inexpressible contempt with which the father regarded him was not at all flattering to his vanity, and, not wishing unnecessarily to provoke the enmity of one who counted his herds by thousands, he sought to ingratiate himself into favor by profuse expressions of regret for the circumstances which had induced him to consummate the hasty marriage, and assurances of his great affection for the young wife and of his intention to devote his life to the sole object of securing her happiness.

To all this the father listened with silent disgust and constantly increasing detestation of the man, who had failed to deceive him in a single particular.

At length, having satisfied himself that he had said all that would have any influence upon the

subject, Clyde withdrew, without having received any evidence of the father's intentions, and totally at a loss to determine whether he was to be forgiven and received into favor after the first burst of indignation and resentment had worn away or not.

"O sainted wife in Heaven! had you no power to warn your child to flee from the fascinating gaze of the serpent ere he could weave the fatal spell about her? My heart will break to witness the misery and mockery of the holy relation in which the Heavenly Father intended His children to find their greatest earthly happiness, but which, alas! their own folly and ignorance too often turns to gall and bitterness." And bowing his head upon his hands, the father shed the first bitter tears that had been wrung from his heart since the day that the cold clouds fell upon the coffin of the beautiful wife and mother, summoned to Heaven upon the day that their only child first smiled upon them.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, how are matters at the mansion?" asked Clare, upon her brother's return.

"The father is wounded to the heart," replied Clyde. "The expression of rage and pain that passed over his features whenever I referred to his daughter as my wife boded no good-will to me; but I think he realizes his helplessness, and for her sake will not carry his resentment too far. He admitted that he did not blame her, but he evidently thinks that there is a vast amount of blame somewhere. He said nothing of his intentions concerning our future, and I think his reserve was intended as a punishment for me, in keeping me in suspense concerning the amount of her dowry. He will never accept the situation very gracefully, and I could see that it required a strong effort upon his part to keep from springing upon me like an enraged panther every time that I called Bertha my wife, and, could he do so without wounding her, he would send a bullet through my heart with as little hesitation as if I were a wolf."

"There is only one way, Harold, in which you can ever effect a reconciliation," said Clare, thoughtfully, "and that is by fulfilling your whole duty by the sensitive child-wife, whom we have snatched from the wise and loving parent who would have filled her life with every earthly blessing. No sacrifice that you can make for her sake will ever atone for what she has lost."

"Well," replied Clyde, "the more generously that the governor comes down with the currency the better opportunities I shall have for ministering to her happiness."

"Money will not make her happy," said Clare, earnestly.

"It will me," replied Clyde, indifferently.

"But, Harold," continued Clare, impatiently,

"your own interest demands a course different from that which you have generally pursued."

"You may as well reserve your lecture until it will do some good," replied Harold; and Clare withdrew, wondering how he would succeed in the new role of a kind and unselfish character which he had promised to assume.

Mr. Linn remained but a few days. A short time before his departure, Bertha sought his presence for a final interview.

"Papa," she said, "the thought of your loneliness clouds my happiness; if you had been here to tell me that you would rather have kept me with you, I should have heeded your counsel; but I want to feel that you are satisfied before going away."

"My child, I have no word of reproach for you, but I should have been better pleased if you had first completed your education, that you might have been more fitted to fill a woman's position; but, that you may not disappoint my hopes of a grand and useful womanhood more than present circumstances require, I request you to continue your studies as long as you can, and when you leave school I shall keep you supplied with the best literature, which you will read for my sake. You must write to me often, and if you ever need sympathy or protection, come to me as you did when a little child, remembering that you are my Bertha still. I will come to you whenever you summon me."

He went away, and it seemed to her that a great gulf had opened between them. She could not understand why it should be so, but she did not appear to belong to him as she did before.

Harold Clyde had confidently expected that when Mr. Linn and his sister accepted the inevitable, they would invite him to their homes and treat him as a relative, but Mr. Linn had gone, and, as yet, he had received no recognition of any claims upon them. He therefore repaired to the residence of Mrs. Burns, and in a haughty and dignified manner informed that lady that he should expect to take his wife home at once and hoped that there would be no occasion for further delay.

He had anticipated that this announcement would have the effect of bringing Mrs. Burns to an acknowledgment of her oversight and an urgent appeal for Bertha to remain, accompanied with an invitation to make her house his home until arrangements could be made for their future, which he had intended reluctantly to accept; but, to his infinite disgust and displeasure, Mrs. Burns quietly informed him that she had no voice in the matter, but supposed that husbands generally provided homes for their wives, unless they expected the parents to continue to support them, which they were not apt to do when they were married without their consent or approval, and that everything

belonging to Bertha would be immediately sent to the cottage; and Clyde retired, muttering curses upon the head of the woman who manifested so little desire to have him as an inmate of her dwelling.

Mrs. Burns sought to throw no unnecessary shadow over the sky which she felt would be clouded "all too soon," and when Bertha returned from school she informed her that her husband had called with the request that she should take up her abode at the cottage and that he evidently thought that he had spared her long enough, and with smiles and caresses and cheering words she helped her to get ready, and made her promise to come and see her lonely old aunt just a little while every day. She went with the young bride to the gate of the cottage, bade her good-bye with a smile, then went back to her desolate dwelling, with something of the feeling with which one returns from a funeral, and wept with a bitterness that would have astonished and terrified the innocent cause of her grief if she could have known it.

Clare welcomed her affectionately, for in spite of the unworthy part that she had acted, she really loved and esteemed her brother's wife.

Clyde was waiting impatiently for an opportunity of learning the exact amount left by her father as a marriage portion, for there had been no talk of disinheriting her, and no doubt he had made ample provision upon the eve of his departure. He waited for some time for Bertha to mention it, but she did not; in fact, she had never thought of it.

"Your father did not seem very angry with you, did he, dear?" he asked, at length.

"Oh! no," she answered, quickly; "he said that he had no word of reproach for me—that I had done just as any other girl of my age would have done under similar circumstances."

The words were not quite as satisfactory to Clyde as they had been to her, but he only said, questioningly:

"Then I suppose that your marriage will make no difference in regard to his intentions concerning you?"

"Oh! yes, a little, to be sure, but I promised to keep right on with my studies as long as I could, for papa had intended to make me a very learned and accomplished woman, and I must confess that my acquaintance with you has taken my mind from my books a great deal," she answered, artlessly, while Clare, who understood perfectly the drift of her brother's remarks, listened with an amused expression.

"Did he say anything about the kind of business in which he would wish me to engage?" he asked.

"Why, no, Harold! How little you understand him! Papa would never think of dictating to you; he is not the least bit exacting; he is one of the

most self-denying men in the world. Why, even when he was feeling so badly because I would not be at home with him when my schooldays are over, and I told him that we would go to Texas and live with him, he told me that you doubtless had plans of your own, and he would accept no such sacrifice from you; and he was always just that way; he would deny himself to any extent for the gratification of another, but he never would permit any one to make a sacrifice for him."

Clyde laughed uneasily. It was evident that she knew nothing of a marriage portion. Perhaps Mr. Linn had left the matter to be arranged upon his return to Texas. There was nothing to be done, however, but to await further developments.

"Papa made me a valuable present before he went away," she said, after a moment's silence.

"Did he?" asked Clyde, with eager interest. "What was it?"

She drew forth an elegant watch and chain, which she handed to Clyde for inspection.

"He told me to keep it always to remind me of him, and whenever I look at it to remember that I have a friend as reliable as this gold if I should ever be in need of one."

"A woman's husband is generally her friend and protector, dear," he answered, dryly, as he returned the gift.

Weeks went by, nothing definite had been heard from the wealthy father-in-law, and Clare's finances were sinking lower and lower. She had been able to provide a comfortable living for herself and mother, but Harold had manifested but little reliance for the frugal fare, and she had felt it incumbent upon herself to provide something better for him, and, besides, the mother had a way of scanning the table and suggesting this or that favorite dish for Harold. Poor old lady! she would have starved herself for her inconsiderate son!

Harold had not been entirely destitute of money when he first came, but he had reserved it mostly for his own indulgence. He smoked expensive cigars, and dined at a restaurant when the dinner at home promised to be too frugal for his luxurious taste, and occasionally brought home some expensive luxury which Clare mentally decided cost enough to have supplied the table for two days if she could have been allowed to expend the money, but any such suggestion would have been considered very mean and niggardly by Harold; in fact, "there was nothing small about him."

"I suppose your bride will be content to subsist upon love and moonshine, after the manner of brides in general," she had said to him when Bertha came, and the best that she could offer seemed so meagre compared to that to which the bride had been accustomed.

"We shall be obliged to have something a little better, that the step from luxury to poverty shall

not seem too abrupt; in fact, you do live very frugally, Clare; such an economist as you ought to get rich," was the reply, uttered half in jest, half in earnest.

Clare's face flushed with indignation, but she turned away without a word. She had pride, temper, and spirit, which all her wrongs and disappointments had not been able to crush out, and great respect for Bertha's opinion besides, and, with the determination to keep up the most respectable appearance consistent with her means, she went out and carefully expended as much as she could possibly afford, and, with the tablecloth, napkins, and silverware that had seen better days, and an artistically arranged vase of flowers, she succeeded in making the tea-table present quite a pretty and attractive appearance. And ever since she had made the most of everything, covering up deficiencies in every possible way and exerting herself to the utmost to make the young bride contented and happy; but with four persons depending upon her, the small savings were soon exhausted, and even her credit taxed, and still Harold took no notice. When reduced to the last extremity, she explained the situation freely and fully to him.

"The resentful old gent will surely get over it some time, but what in the name of all that's wonderful we are to do in the interim is what perplexes me," replied Clyde, thoughtfully.

"When mother and I were without any other resources, I looked for work," said Clare, suggestively.

"Work! when there's a fortune awaiting me? I managed to live without that humiliating expedient when I had no such prospect. But have patience, Clare; manage the best you can until the time comes, and you shall be restored to even a better station than the one you occupied before father died," he said.

"I am willing to do anything in my power, but my purse and my credit have been taxed to the utmost. If I only had the means with which to pay what I owe I might obtain further supplies," she answered.

"I wonder if Bertha has any money?" he said, reflectively.

"Undoubtedly she has; but who would think of asking her for it? Not I, I am sure," she replied.

"I'll see what can be done," he said, thoughtfully.

That evening, after Bertha's return from the seminary, he proposed a walk and purposely took a direction leading past a restaurant, and as they came up, he said:

"Would you not relish a dish of ice-cream, dear?"

As if suddenly recollecting, as they were about to enter, he said:

"I have forgotten my pocketbook."

"I happen to have my purse with me," she said, placing it in his hands.

"How much money have you?" he asked, as they were returning.

"I do not know. I have not taken the trouble to count it for some time," she replied.

"Indeed, money must be of little worth to you, if you care too little to count it," he answered.

"I always have enough, unless I use it for other purposes aside from my own personal wants. Papa always gave me a quarterly allowance, and if I saw fit to indulge in charities I had to do so at my own expense; he always taught me that there was no merit in giving that which cost no self-denial, but if I saw fit to do without some pretty dress which I would like to have, but did not really need, in order to purchase comfortable clothing for a poor child, it was my privilege. I have had but few appeals to my sympathies lately, however, and next week will be time for the usual replenishment of my finances," she said, totally unconscious of the absorbing interest that her words awakened.

When they returned to the cottage, he counted the money and found that her purse contained fifty dollars.

"I will be your banker," he said, playfully; "and you can draw upon me from time to time, as you need it."

She laughed at this bit of pleasantry, and Harold, in high good humor, left the house and sent home a quantity of expensive luxuries, not forgetting a box of choice cigars for himself, and a bottle of wine, which he concealed in his own room.

If Clare had been allowed to expend it, the sum was sufficient to have supplied their necessary wants for some time, but his method was to scatter with a lavish hand when he had it.

"You obtained money, I perceive," said Clare, as he entered her presence.

"Yes, the little puss had fifty dollars," he answered.

"If you are going to use it you can let me have enough to pay the grocer's bill," she said, hesitatingly.

"Wait till next week, Clare," he said; "her quarterly allowance is due then, and no doubt the governor will come down handsomely; this is enough to keep us comfortably until that time, if we do not waste it in paying debts."

"But, Harold, I must keep my credit good. I may want accommodations another time," she expostulated.

"Oh! never mind now, and next week I'll pay everything up and give you a goodly sum besides," he answered.

Clare thought that a "bird in the hand was

worth two in the bush," but she was obliged to accept his decision.

The time came for Bertha's quarterly allowance, but she did not think of it, and unwilling to mention it lest his apparent interest should awaken, even in her unsuspicious mind, the thought that he attached any importance to the fact of her having money, he conquered his impatience until the following day, when, handing her the purse, he said:

"Bertha, my love, here is your purse. If you received your money yesterday, undoubtedly you have needed it."

"I had forgotten it entirely; I did not think to ask Aunt Martha for it at all," she answered.

Harold explained that such an oversight was very unbusiness-like, and, although he did not intend that she should ever trouble her head about such matters, yet there were certain systematic habits to be formed while she was still young which would the better prepare her for her position as mistress of his household, where she would find use for all the orderly and methodical habits which she could acquire.

The result of this lecture, delivered in the most amiable and affectionate manner, which he knew so well how to assume, was that she went immediately to repair her error.

"Auntie," she said, as she entered the pleasant parlor where Mrs. Burns was sitting, "I forgot to get my quarterly allowance of pocket-money yesterday, and have called for it to-day—not that I am in need of it, but to acquire habits of being prompt and punctual in all my doings, which Harold says will be of great use to me hereafter; don't you think I am already growing sedate and womanly?" she asked, smilingly.

Mrs. Burns laughed pleasantly.

"You were always a very womanly little girl," she said, "but, my child, how much you have to learn! Excuse me for laughing at your innocence and inexperience, but married women go to their husbands for money, not to their fathers!"

And again Mrs. Burns echoed that pleasant little laugh, preventing by her manner any feeling of unpleasantness which the young wife might have felt had she suspected that her father had withheld the money for any reason of displeasure. Bertha seemed a little mystified, and Mrs. Burns hastened to explain.

"As long as you were a member of your father's family it was his duty to support you, but now you are Mrs. Harold Clyde, and upon Mr. Clyde devolves the support of his own wife; and if your father were to continue to send the quarterly allowance just the same, it might be construed by your husband as a doubt of his ability to support you, and your father will never give him such cause for offense. You will not mind my laughing at you, but you are so innocent and childlike; never-

theless, you have plenty of time to learn wisdom."

"Harold did not seem to think of it, either," said Bertha, in some perplexity.

"You forget, my dear, that he has not been married any longer than you have, and, although in your opinion he is the very fountain of knowledge and wisdom, he also lacks experience in this new life." And Mrs. Burns entertained her niece with laughable little incidents of her own inexperience in her early days until time for her return.

Her husband was impatiently awaiting her.

"Harold," she said, advancing with a smile, "how much we have to learn! I was really ashamed of my ignorance, but reflecting that you were no wiser than I was a consolation. Auntie has given me a very different view of my position; it is the custom (which you, having so recently become a married man, had not learned) for wives to go to their husbands for money instead of their fathers, and henceforth I shall have to depend upon you for my quarterly allowance. Doesn't it seem funny?" she added, with a merry little laugh.

Harold turned white with rage and disappointment.

"I hope that you did not expose my ignorance to your aunt," he said, trying to laugh.

"Why, no, I guess not," she replied; "but I must have said something about you, for I remember that she said that you had been married no longer than I, and consequently she can overlook your inexperience as well as mine."

Harold was perplexed beyond measure, but concealing his disappointment from the unsuspecting wife, who chatted away in her careless lightheartedness, he waited for an opportunity of consulting his sister.

"What do you suppose the miserly old woman at the mansion told Bertha when she went after her money?" he asked, angrily.

"I'm sure I cannot tell," replied Clare, wonderingly.

"That henceforth she was to look to me for her money; and the revengeful old scoundrel hasn't sent a single dollar, or, if he has, the old woman has withheld it. How do they suppose that we are going to live?" he asked, grumblingly.

"I do not suppose that they care," replied Clare; "perhaps, not having been consulted in regard to your matrimonial affairs, they decline to take any interest in your financial concerns."

"But what are we going to do, I'd like to know?" he asked, angrily. "It's a good thing that I did not let you squander that money in paying debts or we should have been entirely destitute now."

"What singular ideas you do entertain in regard to paying debts," said Clare, impatiently.

"It is you who have absurd ideas," he answered.

"But that is not the subject that perplexes me now; how to live longer upon mere expectations, and uncertain ones at that, is the question."

When Bertha returned from school that evening, she found Harold pacing the floor in apparently great mental distress.

"What is the matter, dear; are you ill?" she asked, coming up to him with a feeling of alarm.

"Oh! no; not that," he said, with a long-drawn sigh, "but a great calamity has befallen us."

"Have you heard ill news from papa?" she asked, turning pale and dropping upon a chair, faint with apprehension.

"No, Bertha, your father is well for aught that I know, but the bank has failed in which Clare and I had deposited all our money," he said, in a tone of distress.

"Is that all?" asked Bertha, with a look of infinite relief.

"All!" said Harold; "is it nothing to be suddenly left penniless, when I had enough with which to start a respectable business and support you comfortably? Oh! how can you bear poverty, my poor, little, helpless wife?"

"Why, Harold, I care nothing for money; don't give yourself any trouble upon my account; I can be perfectly happy without it. Why, I haven't even wanted a dollar since I came to this pleasant little cottage," she said, trying earnestly to convince him of the utter uselessness of worrying upon her account.

"My poor little wife, I appreciate your sympathy; but how little do you know of real poverty. I had hoped that you need never know its meaning; for it is a terrible thing," he said, with solemn impressiveness.

"I am sorry if it distresses you," she said, soothingly, "but I cannot realize that its loss will in any way interfere with my happiness."

"But don't you know that everything we have, even the very food we eat, costs money, and to have none with which to buy these things is poverty, and poverty is cruel," he said, plaintively.

"Can I do nothing to help you?" asked Bertha, anxiously. "Papa always said that he intended to educate me in a manner that would enable me to support myself if any unforeseen calamity should render it necessary, and isn't this an unforeseen calamity?" she asked, artlessly.

"I don't know what else to call it," he replied, "but do you suppose that I could ever permit you to soil those dainty hands with toil? I would surrender my life first!"

"Then mine would be valueless," she answered, quickly; "but we will do as well as we can until my education is complete, and then I can teach, at least," she answered, cheerily.

"But you shall not, Bertha," he answered; "there must be some alternative; perhaps if your father knew of our loss he could suggest some

remedy; he has made such a success of his own business that I am sure that I could trust to his judgment, and I would be thankful for his advice."

"Shall I write and ask him?" inquired Bertha, brightening up with this new idea; and Clyde sat down and gave her a detailed account of how he had been induced to deposit his money in that particular bank and of the profitable investment that he had intended to make as soon as her education was completed, so as to enable her to assume the management of his household; and a few days later, Mr. Linn, in his home in sunny Texas, received a letter of which we give the reader such portions as relate to our story:

"DEAR PAPA:—I am progressing finely with my studies, and taking especial pains with those branches which you particularly recommended. I find pleasure in doing everything which would please you, and if I could see you every day I should be perfectly happy. But Harold is in trouble, and I fear that I do not sympathize with him as I ought; the bank has failed in which he had deposited his money, and he has lost all. He takes it very much to heart, principally upon my account, but I cannot realize that it will have any effect upon my happiness. Of all the presents that you have ever made me I cared less for the money than for any other gift, and the idea that I cannot be happy without it seems perfectly absurd. I cannot make it seem dreadful at all, only that he seems so despondent over it. He says that your success in life proves you to be capable of counseling others, and if you will advise him in the best course to pursue under such unfavorable circumstances he will be very grateful indeed, and profit by any suggestion which you may have the kindness to make. Is it such a dreadful thing to lose money, papa? I am sure that it seems to me of very little importance; but perhaps I do not understand it."

"Too thin, Mr. Clyde, altogether too thin!" said Mr. Linn, emphatically, after twice reading the letter. "My poor little nestling, you have not yet discovered the fangs of the wolf which has stolen you away from the fold."

And a few days later Bertha came smilingly into the room where her husband was sitting, and handed him a letter, saying:

"I never felt quite sure that papa was satisfied with my marriage until now, and his opinion in regard to the money is very much like my own."

And she passed on to join Clare in another part of the house, while Harold read:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—I am very glad indeed that you are contented and happy, and sincerely pleased that you still love and respect your father enough to conform to his wishes regarding

your studies. You are quite right in not considering the loss of your husband's money in the light of a calamity. In fact, I do not regard it as any loss at all. In my opinion it is a good thing for a young man to start in life with his own energy and industry for his capital, for when he attains wealth and eminence through his own exertions he will know how he came by them. But since he has shown me so much respect as to ask my advice, I will give it most freely. His health and muscular strength are capital enough in so favorable a locality as your city, where there is a machine shop, a foundry, a factory, and several other places where just such strength as he possesses will be in good demand. It was not for his money that you married him, my darling, and you will love him none the less for being poor. You can assure him that I would a thousand times rather see you the wife of an honorable man without a dollar than that of the wealthiest scoundrel in the world; in fact, I have always entertained feelings of great respect for honest poverty."

"Honest poverty be —," exclaimed Clyde, finishing the sentence with an oath, and throwing the letter to the furthest corner of the room.

He sat for some moments in sullen and angry silence, his wrath constantly increasing as the utter futility of any further effort in that direction became more and more apparent.

Bertha's fifty dollars was nearly all expended, and quite a sum of it had been paid for cigars and billiards, which present prospects denoted that he must shortly relinquish, for the situation was growing desperate.

He sat gazing out upon the landscape in sullen wrath, when Bertha and Clare returned to the room.

The sister knew in an instant that he was in no amiable mood, but Bertha came up to him with her usual loving smile, saying:

"You see, dear, how little papa cares for money."

"I shouldn't think he did!" he answered, with grim sarcasm. But Clare flashed a warning glance at him, and Bertha was too innocent to suspect the malignity that was rankling in his mind.

"And we will forget all about it," continued the child-wife; "I can be perfectly happy without a dollar." And going to the piano she dashed off a little song of happiness and gayety, while Harold looked at her savagely for a moment and then walked angrily from the room.

"Where is Harold?" she asked, turning round after she had finished her song.

"Never mind him, my dear," said Clare; "he feels his loss deeply, and you must take no notice of it if he does appear despondent, for you cannot understand how much our happiness depends upon having the means with which to supply our wants."

Now I would like to have you practice this march for a little while, so that we can be ready for another lesson to-morrow." And having seen Bertha temporarily occupied, Clare went in search of her brother.

"No very encouraging news, I suspect, from the expression of your countenance," said Clare, as she approached him.

"No; the revengeful old miser has sent me nothing but advice, which I don't see fit to accept," he answered, wrathfully.

"What does he counsel you to do?" asked Clare.

"Go to work!" replied Clyde, from between his closed teeth. "Just think of the absurdity of his hoarding up his hundreds of thousands, if not his millions, and counseling me to support his daughter by my daily labor! Do you suppose I'll do it? I'll starve first!"

"That's right," answered Clare; "we'll begin now!"

"I've begun," answered Clyde, in a tone that might have belonged to a sick bear, as far as amiability was concerned; and, in fact, there was more truth than poetry in the remark, for it was nearly tea-time and the dinner had not been very substantial.

"And we'll just keep it up until the old fellow fairly begs for mercy," replied Clare, turning away.

"There's no use of any nonsense," he growled.

"Here is a dollar; take it and get us something for supper, and I'll see what can be done in the morning."

Clyde lay awake half the night trying to devise some means of outwitting his father-in-law and obtaining access to his inexhaustible fountain of wealth, but the problem was too difficult for his brain to solve.

Clare carefully expended the dollar, and the result was a very comfortable, though plain, supper and breakfast; and, after partaking of the morning meal in silent perplexity, he went out, with no prospect of a dinner until he had earned it. As there was nothing but work intervening between himself and hunger, the only alternative consisted in obtaining employment.

Not finding anything suited to his lofty ideas of his own proper sphere, he was obliged to accept a very humble position in a wholesale hardware establishment, where he had no prospect of handling a dollar of any other man's money until he had made it his own by earning it.

He came home tired and hungry and thoroughly disgusted with his new occupation, although he had found ample opportunities of investing that excellent capital generally known as muscular strength.

"I have no patience with that little idiot, so childish, carelessly happy in the very face of

starvation," he said to Clare, as Bertha's birdlike voice reached him from the parlor, where she was practicing her music.

"Why, Harold! she would open her blue eyes wide with astonishment and say that she had the noblest, best, and truest husband in all the world, who had promised to shield her from every hardship and find his sole happiness in ministering to her wants. I believe that was about the story that you told her, wasn't it? and, as yet, she has never questioned your ability or your willingness to do so," replied Clare.

"I meant, if her father furnished the money necessary for such a purpose," answered Clyde, sullenly.

"If you are sick of your bargain, no doubt her father would take her home again," said Clare.

"I believe that is the reason why he so persistently withholds the money," answered Clyde; "but I have been to too much trouble in perfecting the scheme to realize nothing from it, and she shall never go back to him as long as I live. There is money in this venture, and sooner or later he will have to surrender it. Whenever she becomes satisfied that she cannot be happy without, I believe that she can get it," he said, decisively; and he sat down to the table with that greedy and selfish air which we see manifested by people of little real refinement and helped himself to the lion's share of the daintiest food, paying but little attention to the possible wants of the others, while the mother watched him with something of that feeling with which cringing subjects regard a royal master, only too happy if their humble possessions are considered worthy of the acceptance of their sovereign.

The mother's heart overflowed with sympathy for her poor boy, compelled to perform distasteful and humiliating labor, while Clare regarded it as the nearest approach to manhood that Harold had ever made, and was so unreasonable that she could not understand that it was any worse for him to labor than it was for her.

And the girlish wife assured him that she was willing to share his lot, no matter how humble it might be, and said that she would take lessons of Clare in the culinary art, and that he should see what a thrifty and economical housekeeper she would make when her education was finished, for, with a husband strong, willing, and able, with profitable labor at his command, poverty had no terrors for her. Other women had performed the labors of their own household, and she didn't mean to be outdone by any woman in America in that respect.

But Clyde had kept his gross and selfish nature in the background about as long as he chose to take the trouble to do so. Having failed to obtain money by his marriage, he saw no necessity of exerting himself to appear like a saint, since it in-

volved a constant restraint upon his natural inclinations, and, besides, his love of any object was measured by the amount of selfish gratification which its possession insured him, with no thought of ever making any return or any self-sacrifice corresponding in any degree with that which he was willing to accept, or even to exact, with none of that pathetic tenderness which counts no self-denial which adds to the happiness of a loving and dependent one, and of which we sometimes catch glimpses in the lives of the nobler and more exalted type of men.

And in the close economy that followed, with the mother to complain and worry Bertha when she could not manage Clare, with his own ability to take care of number one, the pinching poverty affected Harold less than any other member of the family, and many times, when the spring chicken which he brought home for dinner was small, Bertha did not take any, preferring to leave a greater portion for him, although he never seemed to notice that her appetite was very delicate, and that many times she merely drank a cup of coffee, leaving the remainder of her food untasted.

Harold did not consider it to his interest that she should think that she could be happy without money, and if she had thought so the delusion was likely to be short-lived.

The quiet evenings at home had become too irksome to him, and instead of spending every unoccupied moment in her society, as he had repeatedly assured the trusting little creature that it would be his greatest delight to do, he left the house as soon as he had eaten his supper, and passed the long evenings among congenial companions of his own type, leaving her to listen to the mother's bewailings of the hard lot of her son in having so many to support by his own physical labor, and afterward to retire to her room and weep over his indifference in all the bitterness and disappointment of her sensitive little heart.

The months drifted by, and the expression of free and careless happiness had faded from the girlish features, and a piteous, pleading look haunted the wistful blue eyes, and went straight to the heart of the kind and thoughtful aunt, who could scarcely repress the tears whenever she looked upon her.

It was an expression infinitely more pathetic than the most violent burst of grief could have been—that hopeless, heart-hungry look which one sometimes sees in the eyes of motherless children who are burdened with cares beyond their years. But she uttered no complaint; not a whisper of doubt or sorrow ever escaped her lips, and the aunt knew nothing beyond what she could read in that patient, pitiful face when she came in for her daily visit, as she had done ever since her marriage.

"Harold," she said one evening, after sitting for

some time in thoughtful silence, "I would like to go back to Texas for a few weeks and see my old home and the green prairies once more. It would give papa such a pleasant surprise to see me coming down the path to meet him as I used to do; I could start to-morrow, and he would not know it till he saw me." And an eager, excited look came into the expressive eyes, as the homesick heart pictured the scene of unexpected meeting.

"Bertha Clyde, do I hear aright?" exclaimed the husband, in such emphatic tones of astonishment and reproach that a sudden pallor swept over her features and a frightened look took the place of the expression of a moment before. "Is this what you call wifely loyalty, that would desert your husband to spend weeks in visiting elsewhere ere you have been his wife a year?" he asked, sternly, regarding her with an expression as if she had threatened his life.

The dark blue eyes stared at him with a look of fright, the sensitive lips quivered with an expression of pain, but she could not utter a word.

"Harold Clyde! you are a villain and a beast!" exclaimed Clare, springing forward and clasping Bertha in her arms. "I know something of the bitterness of a woman's disappointments, and you shall not abuse the poor child in my presence."

"It is I that am abused," answered Clyde. "Neither her father nor her aunt has ever invited me to their homes, and after having permitted her ever since our marriage to visit at the residence of one who has showed me so little respect, instead of appreciating my kindness, she manifests so little of wifely resentment as to be willing to spend weeks in a place to which I have never been invited. You can see how it is yourself, sister," and he left the house to be gone for the remainder of the evening, while Clare tried to still the storm of sobbing which Harold's words and tones had produced and to explain away the seeming harshness of his manner, assuring her that it was his great affection for her which made him unwilling to part with her, even for a few weeks; but grateful as she was for Clare's sympathy, it could not atone for her husband's indifference.

She had left school; but, with the advice of Mrs. Burns, she continued her studies with a private instructress, and her aunt supplied her with books to read upon more vital subjects than are generally placed in the hands of schoolgirls.

Mrs. Burns was sitting alone one afternoon when the young wife came in with a countenance wearing an expression of more than usual despondency and a nervous restlessness of manner, as if under some strong mental excitement which she could not wholly repress.

"You are not well, my child," said Mrs. Burns; "is there anything that I can do for you? is there anything that you want?"

"I want a home and I want papa. I can't live

much longer without papa!" she exclaimed, vehemently, bursting into tears and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Burns drew the quivering form toward her caressingly, saying:

"If you want to see your papa so much, I will go with you to Texas and you shall stay in the old home as long as you please. Would you not like to go?"

"Oh! it would seem so good to be there galloping over the green prairies once more," she sobbed. "But you know that it is not as it used to be. I cannot come and go at my will, and when I mentioned it, Harold said that papa had not invited us, and I never thought of being invited to go home. I always went when the time came for me to go; but I did not suppose that if I were married the time would never come."

"Just leave Harold with his mother and sister for awhile and we will risk the welcome, if you want to go," said Mrs. Burns.

"I cannot do that. Harold feels slighted because papa did not invite him, and he thinks I ought to resent it too much to go without him. Tell me why he did not invite Harold, auntie; he said that he did not blame me for my marriage," she said, pleadingly.

"He did not blame you; but when Harold took you from him without the knowledge or consent of either of us, the loss to him was very great and his heart was very sore; but still he was kind and forbearing, and you are just as dear to him as ever, although he does think that Harold ought not to have married you without first honorably asking your hand from him."

"Auntie," she said, solemnly, with the shadow of a great fear haunting the wistful blue eyes, "I may be very sick, and if I should die without ever again seeing papa—"

"Why, you dear, dear child," interrupted Mrs. Burns, trying to speak cheerily in spite of the mist that rose before her eyes and the slight tremor in her voice, "did not your father tell you that whenever you wanted him you had but to summon him?"

"Yes," she answered, hesitatingly; "but I have no home to which I can invite him."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," exclaimed the sympathetic aunt, "but rest assured that just as soon as your father knows that your poor little heart is grieving for him, he will come to you; so dismiss that fear from your mind and tell me if there is anything else that you would like."

"There are some things that I ought to have that I cannot get," she replied, hesitatingly; "but, auntie, had I really ought to tell these things? is it right?"

"My child, do you think that I would ask you any questions which it would be wrong for you to answer? To your father you are his Bertha still; if Harold makes you happy 'tis all he asks of him, but he has commissioned me to give you protection when—

ever you may need it and treated you with greater generosity than you are aware. Now tell me how do you expect to get such articles as you require? I thought you had some money when you went away."

"I never knew the value of it before," she said. "Mother Holister thinks that the watch papa gave me is quite out of keeping with our circumstances, and suggests the many comforts that its sale would bring. She says that it would buy everything that I need, defray the expenses of my illness, which will come very hard upon poor Harold, who is slaving himself to death in order to maintain me in idleness, when he *might* have married a woman who would have brought him a fortune; and it makes me wish so much that I had a home of my own, where I need not be dependent upon any one."

"It is your husband's duty to support you," said Mrs. Burns, decidedly. "He understood that perfectly before he assumed the responsibility, and was well aware of the fact that wives were not expected to maintain themselves independently of their husbands. But he treats you kindly, does he not?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly. "But tell me, auntie, do husbands always grow tired of the companionship of their wives, when they are really married and they have given up their homes and friends and taken a step which they cannot retrace? Do they always change?"

There was such a pleading, pitiful expression in the eyes that looked up to her, as if beseeching comfort and assurance in some hidden sorrow that was crushing the tender heart beneath its weight, that Mrs. Burns turned her face away for a moment before replying:

"My child, there are life-problems which we may not hope to solve in a moment, but must wait the gradual development of that which comes into our lives, and that which it is not our duty to endure we must seek to remedy. I cannot explain away everything that perplexes you, but I can assure you that instead of lessening the affections, the new relation gives right-minded persons a more deep and lasting regard for each other. The true husband has a more tender solicitude for the welfare of the loving wife, who is in so great a measure dependent upon him for her happiness, than he could have had for the light-hearted girl who previous to their marriage was entirely independent of him. It is not the highest type of manhood that grows careless and indifferent toward the wife who has relinquished every other hope of happiness for his sake, but I believe that the very best, truest, and noblest of men take pride and delight in living up to every promise by which they persuaded the trusting girls to confide their life-long happiness in their keeping. And such a husband is worthy of every sacrifice that a loving heart

can make for him. A person may start out with the belief that it will be a privilege to make constant self-sacrifices for another, and as long as this spirit is appreciated and reciprocated, so it is; but when it comes to be one's *only* privilege, it becomes a very doubtful one. My husband was not without his faults, I do not claim that for him, but as long as his heart was true and loyal and I knew that my happiness was of vital importance to him, there was no fault that I could not overlook. In the first place, he cheated himself into the belief that I was the best woman in the world, and during all the years of our married life, I labored to keep up the delusion, and the poor man never discovered his mistake to his dying day!" And Mrs. Burns smiled through the tears that had dimmed her eyes in tender memories at thought of her successful strategy.

"You dear, good aunt!" exclaimed Bertha, enthusiastically, "he never would have discovered the mistake if he had lived to be as old as Methuselah!"

"You dear little flatterer," replied Mrs. Burns, looking at her fondly; "but come here, and see if there is anything in this drawer that will be of any use to you." And she led the way to her own room, unlocked a drawer, and exposed its contents to her niece's view.

A rosy flush tinged her cheek and a grateful light beamed from her eyes, as she said:

"Oh! you blessed aunt! how came you to think of all these things and to get them for me?"

"Because I am a woman, my dear," replied Mrs. Burns; "and this drawer shall be like a fairy's receptacle, that shall never be exhausted. If at any time you do not find any article necessary for your happiness or convenience in this line, it will be here when you come again."

And when Bertha left her aunt's presence there was a more cheerful light upon her countenance than she had known for weeks.

When her husband came home she told him of the supply of needful things awaiting her disposal at her aunt's, expecting that he, also, would be delighted with the solution of what had seemed to his mother a very difficult problem in the way of contingent expenses; but not recognizing, in her description of the contents of the drawer, anything that could be appropriated to his own personal use or comfort, he did not like to see her deriving too much happiness from the contemplation of her aunt's bounty, and he proceeded to inform her that the articles that she had mentioned cost a great deal of money, no doubt, but were of very little practical utility and entirely out of keeping with their circumstances, and finished by bewailing his own hard lot, which he said he should not mind were it not for her; but not being free to go about, making money here and there, as he used to do, he found it so hard to maintain them since

the loss of his money, with which she did not seem to sympathize.

"Harold," she said, "if you wish to be free from the burden of my support you could leave me with my aunt for a season, while you enjoyed the freedom of going about as you wished for awhile."

But he was shocked and astonished at this wicked and unwisely suggestion, and thought it very hard indeed that he could not relate his grievances to her without having his feelings wounded by such an insinuation, for he assured her that it was a wife's duty to cheer and sustain her husband in the midst of his trials and hardships; and Bertha tried so hard to solve the problem of what she ought to do, even trying to obtain some helpful suggestion from him; but all efforts in that direction only resulted in bringing forth complaints and repinings and vague expressions, which had exactly the effect for which they were intended, of making her wretched and discontented, with the hope of finally leading her to the discovery that her happiness could be secured only when she could obtain money with which to purchase it.

About two weeks after the interview with her aunt she came into the pleasant parlor at Mrs. Barnes' residence, and her father rose to greet her. With a glad cry of surprise and joy, she sprung to meet him.

"My child, my own little Bertha still," he said, as he returned her joyous greeting; but his eyes filled with tears as he gazed upon the pallid features, and his heart swelled with indignation as he observed her changed appearance and knew that her ill-advised marriage was already bringing its measure of suffering to her from whose life he had meant to bar all possible care and sorrow.

But for a time Bertha forgot all her trials in the joy of his presence, and the tender interest connected with every incident related of her early associations in her prairie home.

When, at length, the waning day warned her that they would be expecting her at the cottage, and that Harold would feel ill-treated if she prolonged her stay so much beyond the usual time, she rose to go, and with a timid, hesitating manner asked her father to visit her at the home of the Clydes.

To her apparent relief he replied:

"No, my child; they are strangers to me and may not care to have me call, but I want you to come here as much as you can during my stay, and perhaps I shall be able to do something before I go away which will make life pleasanter for you."

She went away with a light heart and a buoyant step, and found her husband awaiting an explanation of her protracted absence.

"Something very unusual must have trans-

pired," he said, as he observed the glad light in her eyes as she crossed the threshold.

"Yes," she answered, with a smile.

"Let me guess what it is," said Clare, sympathizing with her happiness and trying to speak before Harold should have an opportunity of making any disagreeable remark. "There is but one thing that could give your features such a happy expression. Your father has come."

"You are right," answered Bertha, gleefully.

"Well, what did he say to you?" asked Clyde, with an expression of interest.

"So many things," replied Bertha, trying to think of something that would interest her husband, but knowing how little he would care for the news of the old home, to which she had listened with such eager delight. "The last words which he said to me were, that perhaps he should be able to do something to make life pleasanter for us before his return," she said, carelessly.

Harold cast a triumphant glance at his sister, and Bertha left the room to put away her hat and gloves.

"This visit means something," he said to Clare; "she was the idol of his heart, and since she has elected to share my lot he is not willing that it should be too hard a one." And he began to calculate the probable amount which Mr. Linn would bestow upon his daughter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETHE.

"O HEART of mine! O heavy heart and sore!

What if to-night thou wert upon the brink

Of Lethe's stream, and might forevermore
End all thy pain—say, wouldst thou stop and drink?"

Poor heart! through all its veins there ran a thrill

Of sudden joy. Might there be then surcease
Of woe? remorse and grief be slain, and still
Be kept in trust old days of love and peace?

"Dear heart! who drinks of Lethe's stream," I cried,

"Doth in oblivion's wave drown all the past.
Sorrow and joy so closely are allied
That e'en in death they hold each other fast."

"Then," said my heart, throbbing the while with pain,

"Thus I make answer: 'Though upon the brink
Of Lethe's stream I stood, I would retain
My sad, sweet memories—I would not drink.'"

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

LOVING AND BELOVED.

WE were interested in a late article in the HOME MAGAZINE, "The Sick and the Well," by one of its valued contributors. Reading it over twice, and indorsing every sentiment of the writer, we feel impelled to take up the threads she dropped in her too-brief remarks.

In this life of ours we see the great lack of timely appreciation. A word of commendation fitly spoken at the right time may seem a little thing, but it has no doubt been the turning-point of destiny in the history of many a life. What a sad thing it is that those who have had the opportunity of speaking a word of encouragement to the timid or the troubled, despairing heart should have failed to inspire that poor heart with new hope and perhaps save a soul from death by simply withholding the sympathizing word and the approving smile. Yet we fear there is scarcely a path amid the sharp competitions of business and even the quieter scenes of domestic life in which such opportunities are not lost every day.

When the last agony is over, and the pale face of the sufferer is still and cold in death, how keen has been the anguish to the surviving friends to remember these lost opportunities! How many unavailing regrets haunt one with the impossibility of performing now the good we would have done! How the still, white face seems to reproach us! How bitter the agony of knowing that no word of ours could avail us now! Neglect or indifference or unappreciation to the living brings its own great recompense of sorrow when the seal of death has overspread the beloved face and the ear that listened to our footfall is deaf to all sounds on earth.

It seems singular that under the prevailing custom of society the voice of commendation and eulogy is for the most part heard only at the funeral, when it is too late to do any good. If one-tenth of the appreciation meted out to men—even good men—in the funeral address could be accorded to them while they are alive, it might be of service in encouraging them to bear up under the burdens of life, in meeting the stern rebuffs of the world, and in manfully doing their duty to the last.

Many a faithful, good man and woman have toiled on through poverty and sickness and many disappointments who never heard the kind voice of commendation while living, and who would have been startled could they have heard what the funeral eulogist said of them after death.

Wherein lies the philosophy, we wonder, of so stinting the appreciative words to the living and pouring them out wastefully and lavishly after his death? Who is benefited or strengthened or encouraged to do his life-work well and faithfully

and take in recompense the words of sickish sweetness and mawkish sentimentality?

And then we may as well examine the other side and give justice and sympathy where due. The poor, tired, overworked, ill-paid preachers are beginning to cry aloud at the burden and injustice of the tax of funeral sermons. They are beginning to hold indignation meetings and pass resolutions and stand up in defense of their own rights. Let us heed their cry and accord them mercy.

A good minister, who had labored faithfully at his sacred calling for nearly thirty years, flaunted a five-dollar bill in the air before our face once, with the weary, but not ill-natured words: "This is the first sign of remuneration that I ever received for preaching a funeral sermon. I have preached hundreds. I have rode ten miles in the dead of winter in a livery conveyance that I had hired when I had not a dollar in my pocket to officiate for families worth their thousands. I have walked nearly that distance, fasting from early morning till late bed time. I have had the work laid out and planned for me, what hymns to sing, what fine phrases to use, and the most fulsome flattery and inappropriate nothings by members of the family, until I felt that the pastor was the most common hireling."

Like "apples of gold" are the kind words of appreciation everywhere. They never fall to the ground. They cannot help doing good. They are always currency that is acceptable. Many a poor little toiling wife subsists on the praise her husband gives her. His "My dear little girl!" is more to her than money in the bank. If he praises her work or her wisdom, forthwith she is lifted as on the wings of the morning; she breathes a purer air; she feels the exhilaration of one hearing good news—the old story, which is newer and sweeter and better for the daily repetition. Who could withhold the precious meed of kind words and phrases warm with affection when they pay so well?

A homely, middle-aged widow, whose lamented Hiram had been sleeping under the flowers she tended daily for more than six years, wailed out to us—we, practical and devoid of all sentiment; we, who could not half understand nor see the beauty or propriety of the tender overflow—"Oh! if I could hear my dear husband as I used to, calling me his little girlie once again!"

And while we turned aside and plucked a nodding candy-tuft and stripped it through our fingers, we marveled at the alchemy of love that could make that homely, unattractive woman anybody's dear "little girlie." We were glad it was so—that love could so transform and magnify and beautify and idealize the common clay into an idol to sit upon the throne of one's affections and reign there queen, lovely and loving and beloved.

In his life—Hiram's—the sweet words of appreciation had been freely given and were affectionately cherished. And we thought of other wives—dear souls who groped in the darkness of midnight without one ray of kindly appreciation to warm and gladden and comfort their hearts. Worse than widowed are such.

In many cases where the order of marriage seems reversed and where the wife makes the living, do we find the loneliest hearts.

One case we recall. The wife was active and quick of thought and step and could accomplish wonders, while he was slow and had to rest nearly all the time, and had aches and pains that required liniment and salve and poultice and tender hands.

We found her crying once. At sight of our face she only cried the harder. No one should ever come between husband and wife, one in law and in the sight of God, so we began taking some things out of our brown basket and slipping them into her cupboard, only saying: "Ella, you used to like what came out of the Deacon's cupboard and we did not forget you. Just cry it out, honey, while we make free; it'll do you good. Showers always make a purer atmosphere, you know. It's nature, and no one should find fault with her laws or try to make them better."

And then for the first time in her life, after the cry was over, she said:

"I was overcome this morning. I couldn't help giving way. You know I have a good deal to do. Joe is not very well and does not help me much, and though I do everything I can to make our poor little home pleasant and attractive, he is not the man to ever commend or give me one word of praise or encouragement. Pipsey, I am willing to give my life to make home pleasant to Joe and the children; but oh! if he would only say to me just once, 'I love you,' or, 'My dear wife, you make home so happy'—just signify that he cared for me—I could bear my burden so cheerfully and feel so light of heart."

And when, a year or two after, our old neighbor died, perhaps because her burden had been too heavy—the responsibility, of carrying his load and her own too great—we did not give him overmuch sympathy when he almost rent his clothing in despair while his pastor dwelt on the goodness of the dear woman who had gone to her reward. We are very sure the sermon was received on the dead-head plan and remained unpaid for.

Not so sad was the experience of another woman similarly situated.

She was sentimental, and yet practical, and one of the best of managing housewives. "She said to us once:

"I did wish Tobias would say to me, as other kind, married men said to their wives, that they were glad of the day that made them one; that their homes were so happy and so well-kept; that

they envied no man, and all these comfortable things that go so far to make life blessed and enjoyable, and one time I laid a plan to make Tobias say beautiful things to me. The cow he had bought at a sale had never been paid for. It was to have been in three payments, and by dint of the closest kind of financiering and extra managing I raised the money, and little by little I paid on it, until finally the old farmer gave me the note. Now I was sure that as soon as Toby saw what I had done he would gather me to his bosom and wail out, 'My treasure! my priceless treasure!' In the evening after tea, while he sat reading, I stole up to his chair, laid my hand on his shoulder, and said, as I thrust the note before his face:

"See here; what do you think of this?"

"He paused. He took the slip of paper listlessly between his thumb and finger and turned it over, turned it back, and then looked at it calmly. I supposed he was getting ready to weep. Instead, he handed it back carelessly and resumed his paper. I said:

"What do you think of it?"

"Oh! it's all right, fur as I can see," was the indifferent reply."

And the wife? She had the good sense to laugh over it at the time, she told us, though we presume she did sneak away and wipe her eyes when she was so rudely waked from the dream she had indulged in.

Kind words are so helpful. Sometimes they may fail of their mission of good, but this doubt should not deter us from giving utterance to them.

A young minister we knew in his usual evening walk met with a bad boy. The desire to do the young man good came over him with an overwhelming power. He invited the lad to sit down beside him, and, with all the beautiful earnestness of purpose that had fired his resolve, he talked kindly and affectionately; and the interview was blessed by God and the young man was reclaimed and made a good citizen.

Emboldened by his success, the young minister at another time ventured to remonstrate with some young men who were engaged in playing cards, and, unlike the first instance, he was met with a coarse, rude repulse and the reply: "It is no worse for us poor fellows to play cards than for you, a preacher, to play croquet. Six in one and half a dozen in the other."

Let us not be chary of kind words of sympathy. Let us commend and encourage. Let us give appreciation and approval and hearty, cordial cheer every day we live.

PIPSEY POTTS.

WE ought to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

GETTING ALONG.

WE were talking about a recent wedding, Annie and I. The bride had been engaged eleven years, but she had kept putting off her wedding-day because she had such an elegant home that she could not make up her mind to leave it. At the end of this long period of waiting, however, it was finally decided that she did not need to leave her father's house, and that her husband would be as welcome in it as a son. The young man consented at length to silence his own scruples, and the wedding took place. A most magnificent affair it was! For an elaborate description I refer you to the society columns of that week's newspapers. The bride looked "stunning," as the boys say, in cream-white brocade and diamonds.

She was happy; nobody thought otherwise. It was a suitable "match," unless somebody had chosen to say that the bridegroom was not so rich as the bride and had begun life as a carpenter's apprentice. Perhaps, however, this argued much in favor of the bride's good sense. But all this is neither here nor there. Annie and I went on to speak more particularly of the bride's elegant home, which had proved such a mountain in her way, and of her magnificent dress, cream-white brocade, and her diamond jewelry. And then we remembered hearing that the bride's mother had no elegant home to trouble her; that the bride's mother was not married in cream-white brocade and diamonds.

No; the bride's father and mother had plenty of love, plenty of hope, plenty of ambition, but very little money. They did not marry and go at once to the elegant home which afterward proved such a sore trial to their daughter. Far from it. They rented half of a small frame house in a small village; and of this small frame house in this small village they furnished, at first, but two small rooms. The future bride's father also rented a small shop, in which he set a very small handloom; and this was the beginning of the now-existing enormous factories bearing his name and which have made his wealth. The future bride's mother did her own housework, including the washing, and, as soon as the future bride was big enough, set her on the bare kitchen floor to take care of herself, with no better toys than a few corn-cobs. The future bride's mother's family were not poor—but the future bride's mother had been willing to leave an ordinarily comfortable home and share her husband's lowly lot. But the day came when she saw her own daughter hardly ready to follow her example. Sometimes there is a success that succeeds too much.

What did we think of it all, Annie and I? Why, we concluded that the bride deserved to be commended for rewarding her lover for his patient waiting and for marrying a man whom some would

have called her inferior; but we thought she might have been at least a little happier had she followed the dictates of her own heart a little sooner, and that the mother was the finer woman of the two. And we were sure that the faithful mother's experience had not been a vain one; she knew very well that while the world's riches were worth working for, and were within the reach of those who would work, they were not worth sacrificing life's real happiness for, and that she herself was not sorry for her early struggles. And this mother's same early struggles saved her daughter from becoming mercenary at last.

And then Annie and I wondered whether those young men and women who were obliged to struggle before they could establish themselves were not, after all, the best and happiest. We had heard this, or something like it, time and again, and it had affected us very much as one of Poor Richard's prosy sayings might. But this wedding had given us new light and brought the matter home to us as our own personal business. I looked at Annie and then at Annie's baby—a tiny girl; why could not Annie live to marry off her daughter in cream-white brocade and diamonds? I thought, of course, of the many trials to be undergone between this day and that; I thought, too, of the danger that this baby-girl might become a sordid young woman who cared more for diamonds than affection; still, I thought most of the best possibility, and I said:

"Annie, you were not married in brocade and diamonds—but your baby may be."

She looked incredulous, but I knew that all she needed was a little more ambition—that is, sufficient for the present. Annie had married for love, upon an empty pocket; she and her husband were young, healthy, fairly intelligent, without a suspicion of conscious wrong-doing or extravagance on either side. So far, good. They were going to accomplish wonders some day—but now they were drifting along without seeming to realize that it was time for them to begin.

"Begin now," I continued. "Get a bank-book immediately, and put the baby's silver dollars in the savings-bank as a nest-egg. You can easily deposit a dollar or two every week, and by the end of the year you will find that you have one hundred dollars or more."

"That's true," she murmured.

"And you know what a small sum of money will do in Philadelphia," I went on. "You could join a building association, and take one share or five, paying in one dollar per month or five dollars. Money in a building association draws a high rate of interest, and you can buy a house and scarcely feel the exertion. Savings-banks and building associations are making the poor rich. You can some day pay back the baby's dollar by leaving her a house."

"I wish I could go to housekeeping now," said Annie.

"You can," I declared.

"On ten dollars a week?" asked Annie, in surprise.

"Two in the family," I pursued; "we'll not count the baby, for she won't come to the table. How much would it cost you for food?"

"I could manage it for three or four dollars a week," answered Annie, "but I haven't any furniture."

"I'd have a home of my own if I had to have bare floors," I asserted. "That's the mistake young people make nowadays. This bride of whom we were speaking wouldn't go to housekeeping as her mother did. I heard a young married man say that he and his wife couldn't go to housekeeping on less than one thousand dollars for furniture, unless they went 'hog-fashion.' That was the expression he used. But that same young man's mother didn't have one thousand dollars to furnish her house with. She had two rooms attached to her husband's little store, and did her own work, minded her babies, and attended to that little store in her husband's absence. Nobody seemed to think *she* was keeping house 'hog-fashion.' But now young people start out pretending that their circumstances are better than they really are, and spend every cent to keep up an appearance; at the end of years of effort you find them still living in boarding-houses. How much better it would have been for them if they had confessed the real truth at the start, and then the same amount of effort would at last have given them a home and means of their own. Their more courageous neighbors are better off in the end, even if they didn't always wear broadcloth and silk and tread on Brussels carpets. Take two rooms with bare floors, and let your baby play on the boards with corn-cobs—but have your own home."

I had delivered a lecture before I knew it, but I was in earnest. Annie was not a dull hearer, and I continued:

"Annie, if you would only think so, you have lots to encourage you. You have heard of the Williams family and how wealthy they are. They have one of the largest calico manufactories in the country and they own thousands of acres of land all through the State. Did anybody ever tell you how they began? Old Mr. Williams came from England years ago and married a milliner. Old Mrs. Williams to-day is not ashamed to say she learned a trade, and she made her own bonnets and trimmed her children's hats until quite recently; and remember, in those days it was very much harder for a woman to work than it is now. They rented an old barn near the river; they curtailed off one end of the old barn-floor for living apartments and set a little loom in the other end. In the stable underneath they kept their horse

and wagon. Mr. Williams wove his goods on that loom and hauled them himself to the city to sell. After awhile they bought the ground on which the barn stood and secured the river-front. Later they put up a frame cottage to live in and turned the whole of the barn into a factory. I am not afraid to say that when they moved into that cottage they thought they had attained the height of their ambition. But the factories grew larger; a model village sprung up; the cottage was exchanged for a mansion. Five children lived to do their parents credit. You know what the Williams family are to-day. Probably the poorest clerk in their employ would feel too proud to begin as old Mr. Williams did.

"But this was extraordinary success. Dr. Walters and his wife may be taken as ordinary examples. He learned his trade as a carpenter and married. It was while Lillie was a baby that he studied medicine. His wife encouraged him and earned the living by doing fine embroidery for stores. It was a scanty living enough, but they pulled through. They had their own house, however, when he began to study. How do you think they got it? His father gave him the little piece of ground, but that was all. Dr. Walters built that house himself and put in every brick and nail, for he hadn't a penny to hire workmen. Mrs. Walters painted every square inch of the wood-work, and put the baby on a pillow on the floor or out under the trees.

"Oh!" I cried, waxing even more earnest than I had been before, "if people only would heed such examples they *can* get along if they will. Let me tell you about a rag-picker and his wife!"

"Do you want *me* to pick rags?" asked Annie, suddenly and half-indignantly.

"Certainly not," I answered; "but I want to tell you what these rag-pickers *did*."

"Well, suppose they *did*," continued Annie. "People would still say, 'They used to be rag-pickers.'"

"Wouldn't it be better to say, 'They *used* to be rag-pickers,' than to say, 'They are *still* rag-pickers?' We cannot choose the circumstances under which we begin; but we can choose whether we will stay in those circumstances or not. The people who have no position to maintain are often the best off, for they are free from artificial obligations. Nobody expects anything of them; but after awhile they may turn around and surprise everybody.

"But I haven't told you what this rag-picker and his wife did. They saved up money enough to buy a bit of ground. For years they drove about in their old wagon gathering rags; but whenever they saw a loose stone lying by the roadside, they quietly picked up that loose stone and put it in the wagon. Every day the pile of stones in their yard grew higher and higher. At last,

when they had money enough to pay for their ground, they also had stones enough to build a house upon the ground. Hundreds of rag-pickers had passed the stones and never thought of lifting them."

"I do intend to have a home of my own some day," said Annie, after a moment of thought. "Jack and I have already been looking at a nice little house up-town. We can rent it for twelve dollars a month. But we see no prospect of getting any furniture, except some kitchen things at the five-cent store."

"My dear," I began, decisively, "you can do it. Go to the installment store and get the heavy things, as bed and dining-table, which you positively must have. For the summer, do your cooking on a little oil or gas stove, and then you need not dread a big coal-bill. Go to the second-hand stores and pick up bargains in china and small things. You can get straw matting for twenty-five cents a yard and cheese-cloth for window-curtains for five cents a yard. Japanese ornaments make a beautiful show and cost only a few cents. Furniture-chintz costs from ten cents a yard up, and you are an excellent hand at upholstering old furniture. Get a lounge-frame at the second-hand store and clean it and cover it. You already have a number of pretty bed-room ornaments. Go to the ninety-nine cent store and get a few camp-chairs.

We can all give you some books and paint and embroider something for you. You want nothing prettier for decoration than flowers, and you can have plenty from now until November."

I paused, and Annie brightened. What I had said was not of the order of magazine-articles on "How I furnished my house," but was thoroughly practical, the result of actual knowledge, and Annie knew it. Had you been there, dear reader, you might have interrupted us at this stage with, "But furniture of this style wouldn't last long." Perhaps not. But long enough, certainly, to give these young folks a home of their own and tide them along until they could do better. And, furthermore, reader, if you are a young couple I would advise you to do likewise. Don't live in elegance in anybody's ancestral home; don't exist on sufferance, with your mother-in-law; don't settle down and accept your fate in a boarding-house, but, unless for some excellent reason to the contrary, have a "shanty" of your own, even if it literally is a shanty.

I trust that Annie and Jack will soon move to a humble establishment of their own, and as soon as I get time I am going to paint a panel and embroider a lambrequin as my contribution to that new establishment. It won't be humble very long.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

ALMOST every woman loves flowers, and some are willing to spend time and labor for the sake of being surrounded by them; but to comparatively few has come the knowledge that a flowery path may be found to money-making. It is something of a puzzle that, at a time when feminine brains are so very generally agitated on this subject, the thought has not suggested itself to more that flower-raising and pecuniary independence may be made synonymous terms.

Every one does not succeed in cultivating flowers, as those who have tried the care of a single bed or a few pot-plants know. It requires considerable patience, and all are not gifted in that way; but patience can be cultivated, and the need of money is a strong incentive. Flowers are much like animals in their preference for the touch of certain people; and these favored ones seem to make even a stick sprout by planting it in the ground. Their slips always take root, and their winter plants, instead of showing "nothing but leaves," produce a constant succession of flowers. Such people are born florists, and could enter upon the business with every certainty of success; but patient study and observation will do much for those who are considered to have no "knack" by nature.

The cause of many failures in flower-raising is that too great a variety is attempted, and this is especially the case with house-plants, nearly all of which are foreign and require treatment suited to their various needs. To ascertain what flowers that are in constant demand for winter decoration will do well together, and then to judge of the means at hand for making the plants put forth their full powers, should be the amateur's first step toward a modest greenhouse. For such a structure, attached to the house and opening from parlor or dining-room, can be built and managed for a much smaller sum than is generally supposed.

"But why talk of building a greenhouse," exclaims some impecunious sister, "when I have absolutely nothing to build it with? I want to make some money—not to spend it."

Either make it first, then, in some other way, or, if you have a reasonable amount of health, energy, and perseverance, borrow the sum required to start you in the flower business, and scrupulously lay aside the profits until it is returned. There is no danger of your not being able to do this, unless hail, fire, or a tornado should blast all your prospects; and having decided to launch forth upon this unknown sea, the first thing is to be sure of a desirable site for your plant-house.

The east side of the house will secure the morning sun; and experienced gardeners consider this

of the greatest possible importance for the production of healthy plants and abundant bloom. "Give me the sunlight until noon," says the horticulturist who understands his business, "and he that will may have it for the rest of the day." The north is better than the south side, and it is recommended that the back of the building be whitewashed instead of ceiled with dark wood. Light from three sides should be provided, if possible, but this light should be under control, to be shaded when necessary.

Proper ventilation and an even temperature are as important as sunshine; and "a conservatory that runs up at noon to one hundred degrees of heat, and at night drops to fifty or forty degrees, is, of course, destined to disaster. The temperature for ordinary greenhouse plants should vary from about fifty to seventy or seventy-five degrees." A dry atmosphere must always be avoided; and to do this the walls should be sprinkled as often as the foliage. Careful attention to these points, and energetic warfare against insect enemies, will insure the most satisfactory results; but of the latter pests a writer on the subject says: "The best rule is to see that these creatures never get in. If once established, give the whole establishment a thorough overhauling, and, if necessary, throw away your plants. Get rid of the bugs, at any rate. Thorough washing in very warm water will cleanse to the best effect. Keep the plants in a healthy, growing condition, and the bugs are not likely to assail them."

A greenhouse merely for the ornamentation of one's house, and to supply the parlor with cut flowers, is quite a different matter from one intended to supply the market with flowers and the owner's purse with the wherewithal to obtain other luxuries; and the furnishing of the two would vary accordingly. The object of the woman who wishes to make money is to raise flowers for sale in winter when flowers bring the highest price, and city florists, as well as private customers, are glad of fresh supplies. Some varieties of plants will yield, under proper cultivation, very abundant bloom, and the flowers are always salable, roses, carnations, violets, callas, and bouvardias being in constant demand.

The trouble with these different species is that they require different conditions of light and heat, and what is life to one is apt to be death to another. "Yet," says some one, "I have seen a small home greenhouse in which the owner succeeded in growing, in admirable order, hoyas, Camélias, roses, ferns, and even orchids. It depended on arrangement. The hoyas and bouvardias were placed on high shelves or brackets, getting only the warmer strata of air; the roses were nearer the floor; the ferns in a shaded corner." It is not at all necessary, however, to have so many varieties; but the ferns, especially if they are hardy ones, should be retained for foliage. No green thing so easily raised is half so effective among flowers; and the popular and graceful smilax is so exceedingly capricious that, with the amateur, it is quite as often a failure as a success.

An economical way of obtaining fronds for winter use is to provide one's self with a dozen or so of empty barrels in the cellar; and, gathering the ferns by degrees (before they are injured by frost), place first in the barrel to be filled a layer of soil, then a layer of ferns, and spread out well

and sprinkle well with soil; then more ferns, more earth, and so on until the barrel is full. Do not cover except with earth. Ferns treated in this way are said to keep well for months; but an occasional sprinkling with water would probably do them no harm. In this way, most of the foliage needed for a small greenhouse could be provided at small expense.

Violets, too, can be raised in a very easily made hot-bed; or, if many are wanted, in several hot-beds, consisting of a large wooden box with the bottom taken out and sunk in the ground in such a way as to slope toward the south. The space inclosed should be filled with very rich earth about half way up, and all preparations, even to the setting out of the plants, must be made in early autumn. A sash is needed for each box, and by keeping it tightly closed in the coldest weather, opening it a very little in milder weather during the middle of the day and giving more air on milder days, with abundant protection of mats, etc., at night, these miniature greenhouses will yield a surprising amount of fragrant bloom.

But a more thoroughly satisfactory flower than the calla for money-making purposes could not be found. Its large, showy blossom of creamy pureness is always in demand for floral decoration, and at Easter, Christmas, and on funeral occasions it seems especially appropriate. If a woman with a small greenhouse should fill it with callas alone and make their cultivation a science, her gains would far exceed those of her more pretentious flower-raising sisters. The blossom lasts well and is an admirable bouquet-holder for smaller flowers—one calla, surrounded by scarlet geraniums and some ferns, is a bouquet of itself.

The plant is particularly easy of cultivation, although many inexperienced gardeners fail with a single one. "And yet," says a well-known floral writer, "all that they require is plenty of warm water and moderate heat, with rest in summer. In June, place the pot on its side to keep out the rain and leave it in partial shade till autumn. Then repot, but not in too large a jar, or you will have more foliage than flowers. Do not be afraid to cut off the leaves if too many appear, and withhold water for a few days afterward. The jar requires an outside saucer, quite deep, into which the warm water is placed. I often put in this saucer a little white sand and place around some bits of tradescantha, that root readily in water and add to the appearance of the whole. Liquid manure in the jar and warm water around it will coax the most unpromising calla into bloom, especially if the syringe is used to wash the leaves and keep them free from dust."

An actual jar is sometimes used in place of the ordinary flower-pot; and the experiment has been tried of filling this jar only half full of earth and then pouring in water to the necessary height with great success. The bloom was more continuous, and a greater number of flowers were out at once than by the old method. As the calla is distinctively a water-plant, being a native of African pools and river edges, this treatment is more in accordance with its natural conditions than the usual planting in dry earth.

There is a steady demand for white flowers of every kind, as they are indispensable for the two great events of life, weddings and funerals, and they are largely used on other occasions to mingle

with and set off the beauty of colored ones. White carnations are also very popular, as they add to their pureness of hue a spicy fragrance that is sweet without being overpowering. They are almost as fond of water as the callas, and, like them, they do not require a very warm temperature; the two may, therefore, be cultivated together.

The monthly carnations are the only ones used by the florists for winter bloom, and they are planted out in great quantities, like bouvardias and violets. The cuttings are planted in the greenhouse—or a warm room will do—between October and April, to get well-rooted plants for setting out in the spring. They require rich soil, and the ground should be kept well cultivated and free from weeds. All flower-spikes must be pinched off till September, and early in October the plants should be potted, with a firm stake in each pot to support the flower-scapes. With partial shading for a few days, but plenty of air, there will be abundant flowers for cutting through the entire winter.

Roses are more generally interesting, perhaps, than the other flowers mentioned, and a single

bud in the time of winter-snows will bring an almost fabulous price; but they are not so easy of culture and have more insect enemies. An enterprising, resolute woman may do well with roses alone by raising them to sell to the city florists; but she is more sure of the other flowers, and with violets, callas, and carnations she cannot fail to make a comfortable little income.

A greenhouse large enough for ordinary operations can be built, with one side attached to the house and furnished with heating and watering appliances, for the modest sum of seventy dollars—under some circumstances for less. Where old sashes are used and a country workman not overburdened with orders is employed, the price is considerably reduced; and sometimes a "handy" relative, who will work entirely for love, may be pressed into service.

There is no pleasanter or less laborious way of making money than the care of flowers during the winter; it surrounds one with brightness and beauty and may be made a sort of by-play or appendage to other occupations. The greenhouse, once built, remains, and it can be increased in size at any time.

Lay Sermons.

"IN ALL THINGS GIVING THANKS."

"WELL, grandma, what was the text to-day?" And Alice West looked fondly up from her low seat at her grandmother's feet into the dear old face bending near her. They made a beautiful picture as they sat there in the twilight of an October day—the grandmother so serene and peaceful, her face lighted with the light from the "shining shore," to which she was so nearly come, showing in every line the heavenly beauty which comes only to the face of the aged whose hearts are "stayed on God;" and the fair, young granddaughter, flushed with youth and health, gay, bright, and happy, the beauty of age and the beauty of youth meeting and blending while the last sunbeam lingered over them, touching lovingly the silver locks and the golden tresses.

The room was small and plain, but it was home, and, because of that, it seemed beautiful to them, and the twilight hour, when they sat down for a good talk, was very sweet and precious to both, and they never let it be saddened by an envious or discontented thought. All thought of the smallness of their income or the uncertainty of their future was put aside then, as they thankfully counted their blessings and joys and told of the bright things the day had brought. Mrs. Kidder has told us, "Every day something beautiful comes into our lives if we would but sift it out from the every-day trials," and in their twilight talks, "Grandma" and Alice sifted out the "something beautiful," and so kept their hearts bright and strong for the to-morrows. Living "Too near to God to doubt or fear" herself, Mrs. West was guiding her granddaughter's footsteps up to the peaceful heights of life tenderly, patiently, day by day. As the soul of the one grew ripe for the harvest-time in Heaven, that of the other gath-

ered strength and wisdom and trust to walk life's devious way untrammelled by doubts or fears.

But to go back to Alice's question. Mrs. West had been making some calls that day, and by the rapt look in her face since coming home, Alice knew she had "found a sermon," as she so often did, and waited only until night to hear all about it. "What was the text to-day, grandma?"

Softly, as the voice of one who but thinks aloud, the answer came:

"In all things giving thanks." The words have been in my mind all the afternoon, Alice. You remember old Mrs. Lee we have so often noticed in church, and who, though seeming so old and poor, is always so deeply interested in church work. I have been thinking for some time I would call on her, so to-day I went down there. I found her living in a poor little room in an humble street where everything told of poverty; but it was clean poverty. We talked long of the church, and she was so interesting in all she said time passed very fast, and before I thought of its being so late the dinner hour came. She urged me to stay and dine with her and I did so. And then I found my sermon; for when all was ready there was *only corn-bread and water-gravy to eat!* Yet she bowed her head reverently, and as gratefully as though sitting down to a feast returned thanks for the mercies and blessings granted her; then, without one word of apology or complaint, but with gracious, womanly hospitality, she waited upon me, her guest, and by her cheerful talk, her beautiful thankfulness, she made the dinner better than any I could have eaten from the most luxuriously furnished table. It was such as she had, she was thankful to have it, glad to share it with a friend. I never enjoyed a dinner or a visit better anywhere. From first to last it was a feast to me. I shall never forget it.

"In all things giving thanks.' This is her life, Alice; this the sermon she daily preaches. I am so glad that to-day she preached it to me. How few would have done as she did! Almost any other woman I know, sitting down to such a dinner, would have been profuse in excuses and apologies and no one could have enjoyed it; but she did so differently. It was the best her poor old hands could earn, and so much better than charity, from which she shrinks with true pride, and she welcomed me to it with the ease and grace of her rare womanhood. And then her thanksgiving over it! I felt every word came from her heart and meant more than words could tell. Ah! it was good to be there."

Mrs. West's voice ceased and they sat for a time in happy silence; then the grandmother spoke again.

"Alice, I have been thinking how much better it would be if we were all to do as Mrs. Lee does—give simply and gratefully of such as we have. I am an old woman, and from my childhood the words of Peter to the lame beggar who waited 'at the beautiful gate of the temple'—'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I to thee'—have been familiar to me, but they came to me with newer, deeper meaning to-day. 'Such as I have'—this was what Peter gave—not gold, not silver, of which he, humble fisherman that he was, had none, but simply such as he had, given freely, gladly, and how richly blessed of God! How often at some 'gate beautiful' one lame and beggared in spirit waits for just the love—just the word of encouragement and sympathy we might give and yet do not, because it seems so little. The gleam of the silver and gold of some richer neighbor blinds our eyes, and because we cannot give as they do we keep back the precious treasure. We forget it is only such as we have we are asked to give. Not such as another has, dear Alice, but such as you have, such as I have, should be freely given, and He who watches all, who knows our every act and motive, will bless the giving in His own wise way, and make it bring forth fruit 'meet for the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"Such as I have," softly echoed Alice. "Somehow it makes me think of little Ruth Caton. She is a country girl who came to work in Madame Burnotte's milliner shop last summer. I met her many times hurrying to her work as I went to mine, and often noticed the wistful, homesick look

in her eyes. Poor little girl! she missed the hills and meadows and the flowers so much! Once I gave her a handful of wild flowers one of my country scholars brought me, and you should have seen how glad she was. She pressed them to her cheeks as if they were real friends to her. After that we used to speak whenever we met. One morning last month I saw her walking just ahead of me, and by her side walked young Mr. Eaton. You have heard of him, grandma, and know he is such as no pure girl would associate with if she really knew him. He was bending toward her and seemed to be pleading earnestly for something. I did not wait to think—I only felt that I must get her away from him—and just as they came opposite the school building I stepped quickly up to her, drew her hand within my own, and asked her to go inside with me, which she did unhesitatingly, while Mr. Eaton walked hurriedly away. When the door was shut I told her something of him; and I hardly know what made me do it, but she seemed so much like a dear little sister then, I put my arms around her and begged her to have no more to do with him or any like him. How she cried as she realized her danger! He had been only kind and gentlemanly to her, and she had not dreamed of his being bad, though, she said, something seemed to warn her from him all the time; but she was so lonely, so far from home in the great city, and wanted a friend so much. But she gave the promise I asked for, and soon after she went back to her country home. To-day brought me a letter from her, in which she speaks of our talk that morning, and adds: 'The words you said then come to me whenever I am tempted to do anything wrong, and I feel the clasp of your arms around me yet, helping me always to keep from the evil. Heaven bless you for what you did that morning.' I am so glad I did it, grandma."

"Heaven bless you indeed, my child; you have helped a precious human soul to enter in at the 'gate of the temple beautiful,'" answered the grandmother, tenderly caressing the golden head lying in her lap, while outside the birds sang their last good-night, and

"Soft as the silence after a hymn

Was the hush that fell as the light grew dim."

And so we leave them "in all things giving thanks."

EARNEST.

The Home Circle.

CULTIVATE THE GRACES IN YOUTH.

"I'LL just give her a piece of my mind—see if I don't." "I meant to hit him the first time it came right. I knew that was a sore spot."

These are they who, failing to act from a sense of others' rights, blunder through a mistaken youth into a disagreeable old age.

A young lady, speaking of an aged person in her care, says: "I do hope I shall not live until I am so disagreeable that none will like me."

Persons who learn to distinguish rightly in their youth—who are pleasant, kind, and make friends

with all—who have an abiding sense of others' rights while yet in their own youth—will not become otherwise while their light of reason lasts.

The disagreeable, selfish, malicious person—the young matron or young man who have only acquaintances and no warm friends, because "you cannot trust them," or "they are never twice alike; what they approve of to-day they blame you for doing to-morrow, just as the fit takes them," or "Oh! they are so curious and forward—always asking what you are going to do and insisting upon telling how they do it, and that you had better by half follow their advice"—these are

they who are hard to care for when their faults are full grown.

To avoid their fate, learn to mind your own business in your youth. Learn to distinguish right from wrong; learn to act from principle; learn to distinguish good-natured wit from its opposite character, ill-natured sarcasm; to know the difference between frankness and impudence; to see clearly the vast difference between a kindly willingness to assist a friend, a brother, a sister, or, in the years to come, your daughters and sons, and not a willful determination to dictate to them.

One who was always notorious for putting herself in as director, and who was much disliked therefor (though her own sense of importance blinded her to it), was heard to say: "I never cared as some do about having my own way, but [on such and such an occasion] I was just determined that D—— and K—— shouldn't rule, and they didn't—I conquered." Who will bear with her when her fifty years of willfulness become seventy? Be warned in your youth; avoid these evil habits—evil because unjust to you and unjust to those whose lives flow beside yours.

Wit is impulsive—usually accompanies a good-hearted temperament. It is stimulated into action by a quick appreciation of the suggestiveness of the immediate moment.

Sarcasm, on the contrary, is an unmannerly churl, a malicious plotter that lieth in ambush, waiting weeks, months—aye, even years—for a weak spot in a friend's armor, with the unkind, double-sensed word, ready, like the assassin's poisoned dagger, to strike when the moment is opportune. "I said, '———,' and I guess she was pretty well cut up. I meant to do it the first good chance I got." That young person, if she permits her fault to grow until she is three score and ten, will be saying, bitterly: "I wish I was dead. Nobody thinks old folks have any rights."

Be *lovable* when you are young, and friends will follow you; for you will not cease a life-long habit of loveliness because you are old. The heart need never grow old; the lovable are ever loved.

Wit is a good-natured joker; he gives and receives with a laugh—often, too often, thoughtless and causing pain in those devoid of humor. Wit bursts forth in spontaneous brilliancy like a meteor, inspired by the act or thought of the moment, meeting its adversary's look of discomfiture with a full, open, laughing countenance, giving a glance of fun in return, perhaps, to one of anger.

Sarcasm, on the contrary, is a harbinger of malice aforethought, of revenge; and when the moment comes for the long-anticipated sharp thrust, the face is turned from you, the eyes seem busy elsewhere. In reality they are casting sharp, glittering glances from their corners as they eagerly search for the welcome evidence that the word stings as sharply as they desired.

Frankness and impudence are two opposites, often confounded each with the other. The first is a virtue of great price, the latter a vice much to be deplored in youth or age.

A discreet silence when a companion, old or young, offers an opinion or makes a statement with which your opinions differ or your credulity will not permit you to believe implicitly is not deception, as some narrow-minded people much

given to a contradictory manner would have you believe.

When asked your opinion, then give it frankly, politely, and firmly—if you please, however much it may differ from that of others. Learn early that discretion and deception are not synonymous; learn this early lest you, too, become guilty of elderly impudence. Age has many privileges; but neither undue dictation, impertinence, temper, curiosity, nor self-assertion are greater virtues in age than in youth. Be wise in your youth and you will not be foolish in your age. Well-bred youth will not become by the infirmities of age ill-bred. When you remark the faults of the aged, pause and scan your own personality closely, for their faults are but the faults of their youth intensified by long indulgence. Therefore, look well to see what you are fostering. It is not frankness—neither is it becoming to either old, young, or middle-aged—to give one a "piece of your mind." It is true impudence, born of ill-breeding.

You need not tell your acquaintance that his or her "nose is always turned up;" but if he or she asks your opinion, it would be frank to say, "Yes, it has somewhat of an ambitious tendency," and you might truthfully soften the sting in many cases by adding, "Yet, after all, it gives you an arch expression." You need not be brutal to attain frankness. Learn that these are distinctions while young, and when you are old you will not depart from your life-long habits.

KESIAH SHELTON.

COMFORT IN SUMMER.

THE hot days of summer are now on us and we will give a few hints on how to be comfortable at this season. And while these suggestions may apply to all, it is to housekeepers particularly that we commend them.

Not every woman is blessed with having cool, spacious rooms in which to perform her work. The majority have small, close apartments, made almost unbearable by the hot fire necessary for doing such work as baking, washing, and ironing. But there is most always some way to lighten the most serious difficulties, and much of the suffering and enervating influence from heat can be greatly mitigated by adopting such habits of living as will render the body able to resist it.

During the early part of the day, the bath-tub, or, if no bath-tub is convenient, a common tub will answer, should be filled with water and allowed to stand until just before retiring. The water will then be of a pleasant temperature. A thorough bath, followed by a brisk rubbing with coarse, linen towels, will give the body a most delightful sensation and induce sound, refreshing sleep.

No one should sleep in the same underclothing in warm weather that is worn during the day. Cool, well-aired night-clothing is very essential to good rest in summer. A frequent change of underclothing is also very necessary to comfort at this time. If one is not provided with sufficient underwear to change every day, two changes can be worn several days by wearing them alternate days and thoroughly airing the suit not in use.

The clothes, too, should be worn loose. Skirt-

supporters, suspended from the shoulders, should free the waist from the weight and pressure of skirts and bands, while a neat-fitting underwaist of firm muslin can take the place of the heavy, uncomfortable corset.

The food also has much to do with the comfort in summer. A diet of fruits, vegetables, and cereals will give both comfort and health, while a rich fare of meat and oily substances will produce a heated, uncomfortable condition of the body.

We were once stopping at a hotel, in company with a friend, on a hot day in July. During the forenoon we were out in the city, when, with flushed face, my friend turned to me, saying:

"Why is it you are not suffering from the heat? I am almost roasting."

"Oh!" we answered, "we can explain that easy enough. You put on too much fuel this morning at breakfast. Your hearty breakfast of beefsteak and hot, strong coffee was far better suited to a morning in January than July."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Simply this," we answered. "We should eat according to the season. Old nature has been very wise in furnishing us a diet in the form of fruits and vegetables that is exactly suited to the warm season of the year. But if her rules are disregarded and we persist in eating heat-giving food, why, we must suffer the consequences, which means to be tortured with the heat. That is why I said you put on too much fuel. Our food is to the body what the fuel is to the fire, and you know a fire heats just according to the quality of the fuel used."

NELLIE BURNS.

REFRESHING PEOPLE.

THAT there are such people every one who is easily acted upon by the sphere of others knows full well. Persons who affect you like a cool, refreshing breeze or draught of water when tired or thirsty. One may never get very near to such a person; no sympathy or evidence of deep feeling is called out, perhaps, in the contact of every-day intercourse just as neighbors—they are simply the most delightful companions in the world for a dull day or an hour's entertainment.

Such a personage was "Madame" Maynard, as we playfully called her when our acquaintance had ripened sufficiently to warrant it. We met her at a summer resort in North Carolina—Mildred and I—when we were making a two-months' sojourn among those beautiful hills and clear streams. Mrs. Maynard had come there also, for the whole summer, with her son and daughter, taking a little cottage near the hotel where we had established ourselves. The son and daughter were out a great deal, on excursions to the woods by day and at social reunions and entertainments at night, and the mother, unable or disinclined to join them often, would frequently, when not caring to sit alone, come and chat an hour or two with one or more of the occupants of our pleasant household, which was almost like one overgrown family, so informal and sociable we were. She was fond of walking when able to take such exercise, and almost every fine evening at sunset promenaded up and down the sidewalk, and, when we did not join her in her constitutional, would pause at the gate to throw some jest or gay challenge to whoever she saw, or sometimes, with most comical assump-

tion of humility, ask in a deprecatory manner if she might "come in and sit awhile on our doorstep." Which "doorstep" was the long, cool gallery and the steps leading up to it, where most of the boarders sat at evening. On such occasions she would compare herself to the "social mendicant," as Holmes amusingly calls them, begging entertainment at the hands of others that she might get clear of her own thoughts or feelings; for she was quite a sufferer at times.

Yet she was the entertainer usually. I never wearied of hearing her talk, and have met few persons whose conversation was so thoroughly interesting. Having traveled much and read a great deal, her fund of information on general topics was inexhaustible, and she was always ready to impart it, yet with no effort at display or appearance of egotism or self-conceit. It just flowed naturally into her talk, as any little thing would suggest something she had seen or read. It was only her ancestors who were French, not herself, but their little gestures and graces of manner had descended to her, and, mingled with her quick repartee and wit, gave a charm to all she said.

Holmes was one of her favorite authors, and she often quoted or commented on some of his humorous remarks at the "breakfast table." She said she bought her books as his friend, whom he called the "Master," did his—"whenever Providence threw a really good one in her way she purchased it as an act of piety, if it was reasonably or unreasonably cheap," and read it reverently. There was so much trash written now that it was worth while to do homage to a fine production.

She had quite a collection of reading matter with her, although only sojourning for a few months, and was always accumulating more wherever she went. She did not like to rush through, "taking a hurried feast at the banquet of life," as Holmes said the poets so often did, but read all the best things slowly, that she might enjoy them again in memory, and kept her favorite writers near at hand where she could spend half-hours with them at any desirable time. Being fond of reading aloud, I occasionally spent a morning with her over the *Autocrat*, or *Poet of the Breakfast Table*, sketches of travel in the Orient, or the fresher food of the latest magazines. We would read awhile, then talk over it, her comments and criticisms showing her quick perception and assimilation of the writer's ideas; and I never realized so fully how much more enjoyment and profit may be derived from reading aloud than to one's self—when we have the right kind of a hearer. Besides, there was the pleasure of doing a kindness to one who was appreciative, and who considered it quite a boon to be read to, as she was beginning to find that her eyes would not bear as much usage as in former days. This was a restriction she was very loth to consent to, declaring herself to be just like the "Autocrat's" friend, the "Professor," when "Old Age" first left his card at her door—she utterly ignored his acquaintance, and maintained her ground for five or six years. But when he returned persistently, bringing companions with him at last who made her feel their not too friendly grasp, she finally surrendered and accepted the situation as gracefully as possible. Her hair was silvered by his touch, and her face showed traces of his fingers, but her manner was bright and sprightly as that of a young girl.

Our host was a genial old gentleman who often sat on the piazza among us, and between him and "Madame" a continual mimic warfare of gay words was carried on. He would threaten to charge her board for making so much use of his house, and she would retort by proposing to bring in a bill against him for entertaining his guests; then, upon rising to go, would thank us with serious gravity for our kindness in allowing her to inflict herself upon us. Occasionally she would pass the gate without stopping, and when some one would call her to come in, would reply, with an emphatic shake of her little head:

"No! I'm too stupid to talk this evening; wait until another time."

But when in the mood for talking, such delightful descriptions she gave us of far western scenery—the peaks, cliffs, and cañons of Colorado, the grandeur of the Columbia River, and the wondrous flowers and trees of Southern California.

Her quick eye caught and memory retained things which would be passed unnoticed by many others. She was extremely fond of flowers, and chose the little cottage they were summering in partly for its beautiful grounds, where roses, verbenas, gladiolas, pansies, etc., grew and bloomed in profusion. Sometimes Mildred and I would go in to walk among them and admire, and, if we did not see the mother or daughter outside, would call as we passed "Madame's" window, that we were going to inspect the flowers, and that we only wanted to pick two or three roses to beautify ourselves for the evening, so she need not disturb herself to come out.

"That is right," she would answer; "take as many as you want."

But if not very busily engaged she would come hastening out the next minute, scissors in hand, saying:

"You do not know how to cut other people's flowers. I'll warrant you have only trash there"—for, of course, we would not take her choice ones.

Then she would flit here and there, gathering lovely roses until we begged her to desist—telling us the name of each and expatiating on its peculiar worth or beauty.

At the close of the season we parted from each other with real regret and the expressed hope of meeting again in the future. Whether this will ever be realized is very doubtful, but sure am I that never will I meet any one who more truly belongs to the category of "refreshing people" than does this bright little lady who helped to make our summer so pleasant.

EDNA.

A WORD FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

WE received a letter from a lady friend the other day, in which she said: "Please send me the address of the magazine you had when visiting us. I want a home journal, and that is the best one I have ever seen." The journal referred to was ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE. It is only one of several instances where by lending our magazine and telling of its merits others have been induced to become subscribers.

Every one who reads this magazine month after month knows well the rich store of both pleasure and good that it contains. This same pleasure

and good influence might reach many other homes, if those having the MAGAZINE would lend it to others and give it a word of the praise that it so justly deserves.

We know of ladies who, after reading their magazine, will lay it carefully away and feel much pride in preserving its clean, fresh appearance. But a good thing is always more enjoyable when shared, and so we feel about this. Suppose they should be returned with torn leaves and finger marks on them, as they often are, we know they have given pleasure and perhaps done good.

What a pleasure it is to a woman, after working during the day, to spend an hour in such pure recreation as the reading of such a magazine affords. And there are many without this pleasure who would gladly avail themselves of it after enjoying the reading of a few numbers.

H—.

MORE ABOUT THE "SHUT-IN SOCIETY."

DEAR FRIENDS:—One of the sweetest and most precious objects in our shut-in home circle is the prayer and praise meeting which is held every Tuesday at twilight, also on Friday afternoon. This is a golden tie which binds our hearts and our interests very closely together.

"There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one gracious mercy seat."

And lonely, suffering hearts send up to the dear Father all the burden of their own and the burden of other hearts in unison with each other. And though we never expect to meet in this world, to clasp hands or listen to the voices of those we have learned to love so well, yet we feel that we can come together at these precious hours and hold sweet communion with each other. That we are "shut in" is all the introduction we need to form our sweet friendships and open our correspondence with each other.

But let me tell you, in the words of the dear lady who first gave the name of "Shut-ins" to our society, how it originated: "Janet's weak fingers ran along the words; I was studying her face as she read, and I knew by the light that flashed into her eyes and by the tremor of her lips that she had found a new thought. I believe that Janet loves a new thought better than anything else on earth—or in Heaven, I was about to write—and I will write it; for what else can bring us so near to God as a new thought about Him? 'What is it?' I asked. So she read, with a sympathetic thrill in her voice, 'And the Lord shut him in.' Well; don't you see—if He shut him in, hurrying along with little pauses, 'it was right and best for him to stay shut in and to find out all that the shutting in meant.' Poor Janet! she had been shut in for three years; three years of great pain and weariness; three years of inactive, restless life. But peace had been sent when she had become willing to let God have His own way in her life, and today she was the happiest Christian that I knew. 'I have such good times with my books and flowers and letters, above all, with my letters. You can't imagine how I look forward to mail-time. Sometimes I awake in the morning wondering

what the mail will bring me at night. When we can no longer look forward to our old pleasures, how God brings us new ones. Do you know what I have resolved to do? Janet had such a lovely way of talking, not at all like an invalid; 'I am going to pray that I may find somebody shut in, some one to write to, to do good to, and to receive good from. It seems comical, but I only know one invalid besides myself. Haven't I told you about Sue? We have been corresponding for two years; she is a dear little maiden that is seldom taken out into the sunshine and never stands upon her feet. She suffers very much. Her quiet life is full of business; besides teaching thirteen little children, she sews and mends, reads aloud when she can, and gives her frail little fingers all the work they are able to do. And she lives in the very presence of God; she has not a thought she does not tell Him. I'll find some one to broaden her life as well as mine.' 'How? Where?' I queried. 'Will you advertise?' 'I'll ask,' she answered, seriously.

"That was nearly a year ago. I wish you could hear Janet talk about her invalids now. She calls them our 'Shut-in Society.' You shall hear about them all as Janet told me last night, as we sat alone in her chamber by her fire on the hearth. She told me about her answer to prayer. 'It all chanced,' she began, 'for it was God's chance, about a month after I began to ask for it. One day I had been suffering all day, and at twilight I sat here alone, feeling low-spirited and miserable; so I cried a few tears—for I do cry sometimes when nobody knows—and then I wiped my eyes and wondered if God liked such tears. I had been reading the *Advocate and Guardian*—what a friendly, homelike little paper it is. I saw an article headed, 'My Invalid Friends.' It was written by a young lady who had been confined to her room fourteen years. Six years her feet had not touched the floor. I wrote a note to the editor of the paper, asking 'Elsie's' name and address, and I found she had been praying six months for a new friend, for some one to help her in a piece of work that she was doing, something that I understand better than any friend that she has. She says she gave thanks for her answered prayer before she finished reading my second letter. Isn't it delicious to be an answer to somebody's prayer? And isn't it beautiful to think that all the world over one prayer is the answer to another prayer. And then I found, through the Christian Union, a poor, suffering lady who has no rest night or day. I can't tell you how she suffers—it would make you too sorry. At first I sent her leaflets and postal cards with the most comforting hymns I could find, copied in my plain-

est hand. Her letters—would you believe it?—are just bubbling over with gratitude to God and the friends He has given her. She writes to Sue and Elsie, and Sue and Elsie write to each other. Elsie says in her last letter, 'What a happy little band we are.' And there is another 'shut in,' not by illness, but by a consuming grief for the loss of father, mother, and sister. Then, through Elsie, I found Mabel. She has been nine years in bed. Mabel teaches me that God will be just as good to me, if ever a darker time comes to me. It seems as though the shut-in people know best and most assuredly just the recourse that God has 'Yes,' I said, rising, 'but I love to be out.' 'It is blessed to be out,' returned Janet, brightly, 'but I know that good is the will of the Lord concerning me.'"

And, dear sisters, this is how the "Shut-in Society" first had its precious birth several years ago. From this little invalid maiden's heart the prayer for friends to help and comfort not only herself, but others, has found an echo in many lonely, suffering hearts all over the land. It had its birth in prayer most humble and childlike, and He who has bid us come to Him has most wonderfully and graciously answered; and from the little friendly efforts of Janet, Sue, Elsie, and Mabel to cheer and comfort each other by the sweet interchange of thought and feeling, this large Society has sprung.

There are no laws, creeds, or rules to bind or dictate to members. All are free to correspond with any or every member in the Society. The Associates are not invalids, but whose hearts have been drawn by the blessed spirit of love, sympathy, and devotion to give their influence and assistance to this precious work of ministering to the sick and suffering ones. Oh! how many of us who fill the ranks of the invalid list will remember while we live the letters of cheer, full of sunshine, the beautiful leaflets and lovely cards which comes to us like the sweet breath of early spring, with their beautiful qualities of mind and heart, their love and tender sympathy, which quickly endear them to our hearts. We can all say with dear Janet: "Isn't it delicious to be an answer to somebody's prayer?" and to feel that these prayers are drawing us, as by irresistible hands, into a world of thought and feeling in connection with other hearts that have learned the sweet secret of peace, patience, trust, and all those finer qualities which ennoble and enlarge the soul. We can never become very lonely or friendless while we have only to close our eyes and hundreds of dear ones, sufferers like ourselves, are all about us, each one eager to cheer and comfort.

ANNIE S. BARTLETT.

Young Ladies' Department.

A SUM IN ADDITION.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—I have just been reading such a pretty and suggestive story of a young girl who felt that there was something lacking in her life that I would like to share it with you.

She had a beautiful home, in which peace and

plenty reigned, and in which was dear heart-home love, without which no mere surroundings can create a home. She was "well and happy," but she had just one little feeling of care which would sometimes dim the smiles and cause the shadows to rest on her bright face.

Her trouble, as she herself expressed it, was

this: "I haven't the least thing to complain of. I have good times and everybody is kind to me, and I can do just as all the girls do; but—but, after all, I'm dreadfully afraid I don't amount to much."

She was just an honest, earnest, frank, wholesome girl. She liked to be dressed so as to look nicely, to have her hair arranged in the most becoming style, and she was always sorry that it would not curl. She liked to make pretty little fancy things, to feel that she was liked, and was anxious, besides, to know and do what was right and to be a sincere Christian. She kept busy with helpful or fancy work at home; took part in societies for amusement or usefulness with her young companions. Still, she felt afraid that she did not amount to much—that she was not using fully the powers given her.

She was always ready to do more than her share of the duties to which they themselves attended about the house, because, she said, she was stronger than her sister. She was always ready with loving service to wait on father or mother; to listen to, help, or sympathize with her little brother, while the baby never looked to her in vain for comforting or amusing. Outside of the home-circle she was ready to be interested in whatever interested others and to aid them in any way she could to carry out their plans, instead of striving to supplant their ideas by others of her own. She played or sang willingly for any who expressed a wish that she should do so, even when the wisher was only her boy-brother. She would relieve the player at dances by herself taking the place, and would slip into the organist's seat at church when that happened from any cause to be unoccupied. In fact, she was ready to "fill up the chinks" wherever and whenever there were chinks to be filled.

The friend to whom she made her little plaint that she "was afraid she did not amount to much," said to her: "My dear little true-heart, you have no need to blame yourself. You say you don't amount to anything. It is only because you are not added up yet. Here, on this sheet of paper, is your long row of figures, wanting to be put together. None of the numbers, separately, are large; but there are so many that you can see the sum of them combined will be no inconsiderable one. Now, by doing the duties nearest you, taking them just as they come in this patient, cheerful way of yours, you are setting down the figures

that will make a noble total when your life is added up at the end."

My dear girls, what figures are we, each and all, setting down? Each day and hour we are making additions to the columns which will one day be cast up, its sum being the result of life. The reckoning will be made by One who makes no mistakes. All the tiny ministries, the humble, sincere efforts, the small, sweet services of love, will find worthy place on that list. When the books by which we are judged are opened, we shall find that the thoughts and feelings and affections that we have cherished, as well as those which have blossomed out into deeds, will have their part in forming our character. And according as the books of our lives agree with God's book, so shall we find ourselves written in His book and numbered among His blessed. And His rule is, love to God and love to the neighbor. "The love of self is hell." Therefore, the road out of self must be the true road to happiness.

It is a very common feeling to all sincere and earnest souls striving to do all that is required of them to feel that one is not worth as much as one would like to be. We are apt to be looking out and away for some work greater and more worthy than the work right at hand. Still, the only way we can do is to be faithful to the duties of the hour. Greater opportunities will not come through neglecting these. And we can have no idea of the sum total. Perhaps the very little, little things, as they seem to us, are the most important things in which we could be engaged.

The Father knoweth. If we strive to do faithfully whatever we ought to do—neither missing nor neglecting any opportunities, trusting all to the Father—we shall be doing the best we can and we cannot go far astray. I will close with an extracted paragraph at the close of this little story of which I have been telling you, an extract which bears in its bosom a fragrance that is cheering, strengthening, delightful, and comforting.

"My child, it is by what the heliotrope is, not by anything it moves from its place on the window-sill to do, that my whole chamber is penetrated with perfume. It is what you are that will make you valuable and useful; for, as has been truly said, 'No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.'"

AUNTIE.

Housekeepers' Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT POT-PIE.

FOR years and years I tried to make pot-pie. How I succeeded is best known to myself and—the washwoman's pig.

Never but once, in all these years, did I have a pot-pie that was anything like the light, puffy crust which my mother used to set on her dinner-table, although I tried various ways. Every time I read a new recipe for a pot-pie, away I'd go and make one. Just as invariably would I assert—mentally sometimes, but oftener aloud—that I'd

never try again, and I'd hold to my resolve until some good old practical farmer's wife would tempt me by her look of honest solidity and general air of superior wisdom to ask the oft-repeated question:

"How do you make pot-pie?"

I would usually be rewarded by an astonished look over the tops of her gold-bowed spectacles, and:

"Why, child, don't you know how?"

"Yes," I answer, demurely, "but 'twon't ever be good."

"Wal, I jest take a leetle flour in a pan and a tin-cup pretty near full of sour cream and a pinch of saleratus, and oh! I forgot—a leetle dust of salt. Then I kinder scrabble it all up together, without hardly touchin' it, and break it off and put it in the kettle."

"O dear!" I sighed.

"Why, can't you remember that?—that's easy."

"Yes," I said, "but please how much is a little flour? and how big is your tin-cup? and how much saleratus can you take at a pinch? and how can I tell when I get a dust of salt?"

"Wal, you must use judgment, you know, child."

I did for about a minute, and concluded that in my judgment her information was worth about as much to me as Pat O'Rourke's lantern was to him when he carried it through the street one dark night without lighting the lamp, chuckling to himself—"Oh! but a lantern is a fine thing on a dark night, to be sure!"

To say the least, I hadn't received much light upon the subject of pot-pies, I thought, as the old lady settled back as complacently as though she had made pot-pies ever since she was a baby and never had a heavy streak in one of them.

"Must I put the crust on while the meat is boiling?" I asked one of the victims of my inquiries.

"Oh! no; it must be cooled with cold water first, or it will surely be heavy."

The next day from another source came this information:

"Bless me! no—not cold water. Always put it in while boiling, and upon no account let it stop boiling until done."

I tried all these ways, but still my pot-pie crust was *eggy*. I guess that is the word. Any way, it cut like cheese, and wasn't half as digestible. Once, though, as I said, it came on to the table all fluffy and nice and white, but how it became so I can't tell and couldn't then, and I confess I felt guilty when some one said:

"You make very nice pot-pie, Mrs. Bell."

I cast a shy glance at "Will" (I have a "will of my own"), but his roguish look did not betray me, so I accepted the compliment with as good grace as I could, with due deference to my principles of honesty.

But one auspicious day, when I wasn't thinking of pot-pie at all, I found in an old paper just the information I wanted. I have used it ever since, and our folks have long ago ceased to inquire, "Could you make another just like this?" when my pot-pie comes on to the table, for it is sure every time, and I want to write it here—the recipe for others who may possibly like this dish as well as I, and yet cannot make it "like mother's."

One teacup flour, one teaspoonful baking-powder, one-quarter teaspoonful salt; mix with sweet

milk to a soft batter that will readily drop from the spoon. Butter a basin, pour it in, and steam it for one-half hour; when done, break apart with a fork, and pour the gravy over it on a platter, and you will have a splendid pot-pie. I double the quantity and cook twice as long. This also makes nice pudding by putting fruit in the bottom of the basin and pouring the batter over it before steaming.

MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

RECIPES.

CROQUETTES.—About half a pound of cold meat, three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped suet, three tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, three tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one egg, salt and pepper, a little gravy made from the bones of meat. Mince the meat finely, chop the suet, add all the dry ingredients and seasoning, mix well, moisten with a little milk, and make up into balls or small rolls. Dip each into eggs and bread-crumbs, or sprinkle over a little flour; fry in hot dripping.

STEWED RHUBARB.—To one pound of rhubarb, cut in pieces of one or two inches in length, allow half a pound of loaf-sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Have ready a large tin saucepan of boiling water, throw the rhubarb in and stir the pieces down with a wooden or silver spoon; put the cover on, and for three or four minutes it may be left; then take the cover off; the rhubarb is not again left until it is done. It may be turned gently in the saucepan with the spoon so as not to break the rhubarb. The moment it boils it softens, and in three minutes or less time, according to whether the rhubarb is old or young, strain it off quickly with the cover tilted on the saucepan. Let it slip from the saucepan into a pie-dish, sprinkle the loaf-sugar and grated lemon over it, and leave until cold.

HASH-ROLLS.—Prepare the meat as for an ordinary hash, chopping it very fine (you can moisten with a spoonful of cold gravy or meat-juice if you have it); add an equal quantity of mashed potato (fresh is best), and the same of stale bread-crumbs, finely grated, and soaked in milk or cream. Work all well together with the hand, make into rolls about three inches long and half the thickness, and brown in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes; or, you may spread the hash smoothly in a well-oiled bread-pan and set it in the oven; when browned in the bottom turn it into a flat dish, the crusted side uppermost, and send to the table.

Cold fish may be picked up, mixed with fresh mashed potato and a few fine bread-crumbs (the latter soaked in milk) and baked in the same way.

Character Sketches.

NEIGHBORHOOD O' SLOCUM.

TO MELVINY FULTON.

MY DEER FRIEND:—I hev'n't furgot my promise fur to write to you an' let you know that we got home safe an' sound, an' I think we both feel a right smart perked up by our jaunt. I tell Urier it keeps the rinkles out

of we keep our sperits young, an' ther's no way to keep the sperit young like doin' right and keepin' perked up.

We wur both amazin' pleased with our tower, an' we learnt a heap as 'll be useful to us in performin' our part o' the work to be did in our day an' ginerashun.

An' besides bein' both pleasin' an' useful to us, it is very interestin' to the people o' the neighborhood o' Slocum to hear about it. I've told 'em a right smart concernin' it, an' I expect to tell 'em some other things as happened. I'm powerful glad we tuck your advice an' went to the city while we wuz so near by. I hev'n't broke out yit a tellin' them ennythin about that part of our jaunt. I've ruther tuck things as they come at the time; but ther's some things about that part that I want to tell 'em. I'm one as don't b'lieve that no part o' our lives is jest fur ourselves, an' ef we hev pleasures sich as others don't hev the opporchunity fur to enjoy, it's our bounden duty fur to pass 'em aroun' among sich by fetchin' out a account o' the interestin' parts in as correck a way as we kin.

When we come home we found things in the neighborhood o' Slocum jest about as they wuz when we left. Ther hedn't bin no deaths, nor not no great deal o' sickness. Neighbor Jones's darter, Nancy, wuz the wusht. She hed a powerful bad spell o' petrified sore throat. She's about well over that now, but she's gineraly putty brashy. Marthy Ann an' Matildy Jane hed got along oncommon well with things. An' Lily Marget hed jined in, too, and helped a right smart.

One o' the friends we visited hes bin a sendin' us a paper reg'lar sence we come home. Uriers a great favorigt o' hev'in' useful an' interestin' readin' fur the childern; but we haint been no great han's to take meny newspapers 'count o' ther bein' so full o' murders an' sich. Neighbor Jones's take a right smart o' papers. On course, ther childern reads about the terrible carryin'-on that is wrote about in these papers, an' so, what does they do but up an' interjace a new play into the deestrick school, in which the boys an' girls jined in about alike.

This play wuz lettin' on to steal an' fight an' kill, an' then hev'in' detectors an' officers, sich as is in the newspapers, fur to ketch 'em an' put 'em in prison or hang 'em. They contented themselves fura spell with hangin' a stick dressed up like a boy or a rag doll; but at last they thort they'd play hang a real boy, an' it come nigh upon not bein' play, fur some o' them got skeered an' didn't know how to git him down. It wuz well they sot up a skreoch, fur the master heered it an' jest got out in time fur to get him down an' save him. I thort you'd be interested in hearin' this, as you used to teech in this deestrick. I'm glad I've sot my face like a flint agin hev'in' sich papers in the house.

The paper as is a comin' to us now, howasever, don't 'pear to be o' that kind. An', as I sot out to say at fust, me an' Uriers an' the childern wuz a settin' one evenin', Marthy Ann an' Thomas Uriers a readin' the paper out loud, time about. I wuz a darnin' stockin's, an' Matildy Jane wuz a sowin' missin' buttons onto the close that hed jest bin did up. I'm one o' them as b'lieves in teachin' usefulness, an' 't 'pears to me the men must be powerful lost a settin' down of evenin's with no handy work fur to pick up.

Well, as I wuz a sayin', them two wuz a readin' the paper, an' I spoke up an' sez I:

"Uriers, the readin' in this paper is very interestin'," sez I. "I'm more nor pleased with it. Its obжек 'pears to be to do a heap o' good to a right smart o' people," sez I to Uriers.

"But," sez Uriers, "ther's stories into it, an' it 'pears like a waste o' time to read things as isn't true," sez Uriers.

"Uriers Bodkin," sez I, "I'd a heap ruther read about imaginary people as dux right nor to read about real people as dux wrong," sez I.

"Betsy, ye ort to write fur it," sez he. "It ort to be encouraged, an' I make no doubt the editur 'd like to hev a letter now an' agin from the neighborhood o' Slocum," sez he.

It does beet all what a man Uriers Bodkin is, an' what a heap o' encouragement he's bin to me! It wuz him as got me to begin the work on theology I'm a writin', sayin' a deep work wuz needed to be wrote on

that subjeck, and he made no dout I could do it. Uriers thinks the men hez writ long enough on sich subjecks, an' it's time the wimmin would step forrid an' sot things to rights.

"Why, Uriers Bodkin!" sez I, "what would I write to a newspaper?" sez I. "Hee ye lost yer mind?" sez I.

"No," sez he, "nor you nuther," sez he; "an' ther's lots o' things ye could write about. Every now an' agin suthin happens in this deestrick as would make prime noos fur a paper. Then ther's the weddin's an' how the bride wuz dressed; an', besides, ye could giv 'em fust-class recetes fur cookin'," sez he.

Well, I thort it over. I sot a heap o' store by Uriers' pinion, an' so I wrote a letter fur the paper, an' Uriers sez when the editur reads it he makes no dout he'll want to hear from me agin ef he kin jedge him ennyways by hisself. Knowin' that you would be interested to see what I hev wrote, an' not supposin' that it's at all likely you'd git to see the paper when it's printed (which I make no dout it will be), I've jest concluded fur to copy it in here fur you to see, so here it is:

"NEIGHBORHOOD O' SLOCUM.

"DEER MISTER EDITUR:—I'm the wife o' Uriers Bodkin—a straightforrid, honest, as well as a oncommon likely-lookin' man. I interjace myself to onot, so as ye may know jest who I am. I hed my doubts about callin' any other man besides Uriers deer; but I see it is the way editors is commonly spoke to, an' I'm one as b'lieves in bein' proper ef it's not onprincipaled. Accordin' to Scripter, too, we're to hev a very friendly feelin' even to sech as we've never sot eyes onto.

"Uriers thort I'd better write an' tell ye how pleased we air with your paper, which hez, through the kindness of a friend, bin a cumin' to us fur quite a spell now, an' us, as well as the childern, takes a heap o' interest in the things that is wrote out into it. It dux a body a right smart o' good to see a paper as isn't a bristlin' all over with murders an' fights an' sich, an' I kin see how sich a paper kin be a heap o' help in a growin' family an' about a house.

"The pollyticks, too, o' the paper, is interestin' to me an' Uriers both; though, bein' a oncommon furseein' man, I make no dout he understand's sich things a heap better nor me, though I've tuck a right smart to that line o' noos as it is wrote in the paper. One pertickler interestin' sircumstans wuz the forethort o' that man in withdrawin' from the ticket jest as soon as he seed ther wuzn't no chance o' gettin' 'lected. It's my pinion that it showed a oncommon sight o' jidgment, seein' ther wuzn't no chance fur him, an' it wuz very self-denyin' fur him to make a sacrament of his feelin's fur the good o' his feller-beins, an' at the same time save a heap o' carryin's-on as would ha' bin more expense nor prophet.

"Ef ther's any thing in this world that is encouragin', it is that ther is sech a improvement in things in gineral. I'm not one o' them as is allers a lookin' back an' thinkin' them as lived afore us wuz a heap furdur on nor sich as is a livin' to the present time. It's my pinion the world is a goin' on, an' will continer to go on as long as things keeps a movin'. Now, in the fust beginnin' o' this kentry, look how things wuz. I've heern tell that they hung sich as wuz counted witchers, an' whoopped the Quakers an' put 'em in prison; an' they do say that ef a woman put more nor a certain amount o' stuff into the sleeves o' her dress she wuz punished severe. But ther's no sich carryin's on now. Witchers, ef ther is enny, is jest as free to live as ary other person, an' the Quakers is considered jest as respectfull as ary other seck, while a woman is free to hang jest as meny yards o' dry-goods onto her as she's well able to kerry; an' ef she wants more nor she kin well hold up, she kin let a right smart of it lay onto the groun'. That aint accordin' to my idee o'

good judgment, but I kin admire the greater sperit o' liberty as leaves her free even to show her want o' judgment.

"Then ther's religious meetin's. I kin reekolect when sich as b'longed to different meetin's didn't hev much to do with other. But look at 'em now! The fust o' January the different meetin's in the neighborhood o' Slocum prayed together fur a hull week, an' some sinners wuz fetched out; though I've heern that ther's some feelin' about which meetin' they jined, each o' 'em a thinkin' they ort to jine them. On course, this wasn't accordin' to the sperit o' unyun they'd bin a prayin' fur, but then it's encouragin' that they've got fur enuff along fur to pray together at all. People can't do everything to onct. Ye hev to giv' 'em time.

"But it 'pears to me ther aint no subject that hez more 'casion to rejice than the tempurence cause. It certinly is a movin'. Why it aint but a ginerashun back sence nigh upon everybody drinked, an' it wuzn't very respectfull o' a person come to see another, ef he wuzn't guv' suthin' to drink. But this is a movin' with other things. I wuz oncommon pleased to see by your paper that ther hed been a Tempurence Convenshun in Philadelphia fur to nominate city officers, an' that fifty or sixty people wuz ther. I don't b'lieve sich a turn-out could ha' bin got in any other city in the Unyun. But, then, it's jest what ye might expek from a city started by sich a man as Pen, an' hevin' brotherly love for its cheef foundashun stum. On course, ye'd expek to find, in sich a place, some as keered for the doin'-away o' the great evil o' intempurens. An' then that city hez the advantage o' hevin' the helpin' han' o' so menny kinds of seeks (to say nothin' o' the Wimmin's Unyun); fur I hear ther's Katholicks and Protestants, Juse and Jintiles, Presbyterans, Methodests, Quakers, Babbists, Swedenburgers, an' Second Adventers, an' among all o' 'em a heap o' Holiness people. It stan's to reason that, among 'em all, they'd git quite a convenshun, an' two or three men as wuz willin' to serve on the ticket.

"It's my 'pinion this is a powerful step toward a improvement; fur it aint more nor fifty year sence ye couldn't hardly ha' got ary a man.

"On course the Adventers turned out; fur as they're a lookin' fur the second comin', it stands to reason that they'd feel a oncommon interest in hevin' things sot to rights so as to be ready. It is a powerful move forrid.

"Urier 'lowed mebbey you'd be interested to hev some o' the noos from the neighborhood o' Slocum fur your paper; but ther haint bin nothin' pertickler happened lately, except that Deacon Simpson wuz married to his second wife, her that wuz Tripheny Pendergrass, a likely-lookin' girl. The Deacon buried his fust wife a little more nor six months ago. I wuz to a quiltin' one day, an' some o' the wimmin as wuz there wuz expressin' themselves putty severe onto this subjeck o' his gittin' married so soon, which it didn't 'pear to me the most properest thing, nuther. Still, I've allers sot

my face agin ennything like backbitin', an' I knowed it wuzn't likely ary one on 'em would ha' sed to the Deacon hisself what they wuz sayin' in there, so I thort I'd put a stop to sich remarks, which I did when I sed, sez I:

"Wuzn't his fust wife jest as dead as she'd ever be?" sez I. Ye never seed a lot o' wimmin look more squelched nor they did.

"The Deacon's fust wife wuz a oncommon hard-workin', savin' woman. They hedn't much when they fust come to the neighborhood o' Slocum, but she worked an' saved an' helped along amazin'. On course the Deacon soon begun to pick up, and afore long got powerful fore-handed. He 'peared wonderfull proud o' his wife, sayin' she could do more work nor ary other woman he knowed. When he sed sich things, she allers 'peared embarrassed like an' didn't say nuthin'. She wuz a amazin' manager; an' when they bilt their new barn she boarded the han's, besides doin' the work fur her own family o' six an' makin' the butter off'n five cows, an' all while she wuz nussin' a baby, too.

"After that they bilt a new house; but Lawz! jest as they begun fur to git things fixed comfortable, she upan' died, an' now Tripheny Pendergrass hez stepped in fur to enjoy it. The Deacon 'pears powerful keeful o' her belth, makin' the childern fall to an' help, an' keepin' hired help, besides. He sez he can't do enuff fur a woman as wuz willin' fur to come in an' be a mother to his motherless childern.

"I wouldn't no ways think it proper fur to send a letter to ary man without Urier a seein' it fust. He hez read what I hev wrote, an' he sez he makes no dout ye'll be pleased to git it. He jines in sendin' his respects.

Yourn respectfull,

"BETSY BODKIN."

Ye see, my deer Melviny, I wrote a right smart o' a letter. It dux beet all what a person kin do when they lay themselves out fur it. An' now, as I've copied it here fur you, it will sarve the purpose of a letter to you as well as to the editur o' the paper I writ it fur. I'm one as b'lieves in makin' the most use o' things ye kin, an' I know ye'll be interested in readin' my 'pinions onto some o' the subjecks I've wrote about in that letter, as well as bein' interested in the noos in it, fur I reckon ye mind Deacon Simpson well.

We often think about the day we went with you to the meetin' o' the Syentifickers, an' a heap o' times we've talked over some o' the things we heered 'em say to that meetin'. Some o' 'em don't stan' no more to reason in our 'pinion now, as we've thort an' talked 'em over, nor they did then when we heered 'em fust.

Urier an' the childern jines in with me in sendin' our respects to you an' your husband, Thomas Fulton. Makin' no dout you'll be glad to hear from us, an' hopin' to git a letter from you,

I am, yourn respectfull,

BETSY BODKIN.

Art at Home.

HONITON LACE.

HONITON lace, or the species to which reference is here made, is formed of woven braids, and is an imitation principally of Duchesse lace. The braids are of several styles, all extremely light and delicate, of frost-like whiteness and beauty. These, in time, take on the yellow tinge, so prized in real laces. Patterns for lace made of Honiton braids may

be purchased at stores for the sale of fancy articles; occasionally they are seen in the fashion magazines. The character of the braid required for any article, as a collar or tie-end, may readily be determined by a study of the design.

The braids are basted upon a piece of stiff paper, and arranged precisely as they are seen in the pattern. They are then joined, partly by invisible stitches, partly by fancy, cord-like stitches similar to those used in ric-rac. The thread employed is a regular

lace-thread, made of linen. It is popularly known as the "Little Mill Thread," or, more correctly, as *Au Petit Moulin*. It is put up in balls, and is numbered up to two thousand, which last is as fine as the texture of a cobweb. When the braids have been joined by the lace-thread, the completed article is removed from the foundation-paper. The inexperienced worker will probably feel surprised as well as rewarded by its beauty.

This species of artistic needlework is not particularly difficult. But it seems strange that so few ladies know anything about it and are content to expend their superfluous energy over feather-edge braid and ordinary crochet-work, which, to use a common expression, are "more bother than they are worth."

cloth, pongee, or any material that will receive embroidery. Silks or crewels best imitating the color of pussy's fur should be employed. Outline or Kensington stitch is the one used in working. Price, twenty-five cents for stamping. For perforated pattern, thirty-five cents.

A PRETTY TABLE-COVER.

A VERY pretty table-cover may be made of brightly colored cretonnes or chintzes in the following manner: First, make a lining of the size and shape required to suit the table. Then measure all around this a space for a border, about a quarter of



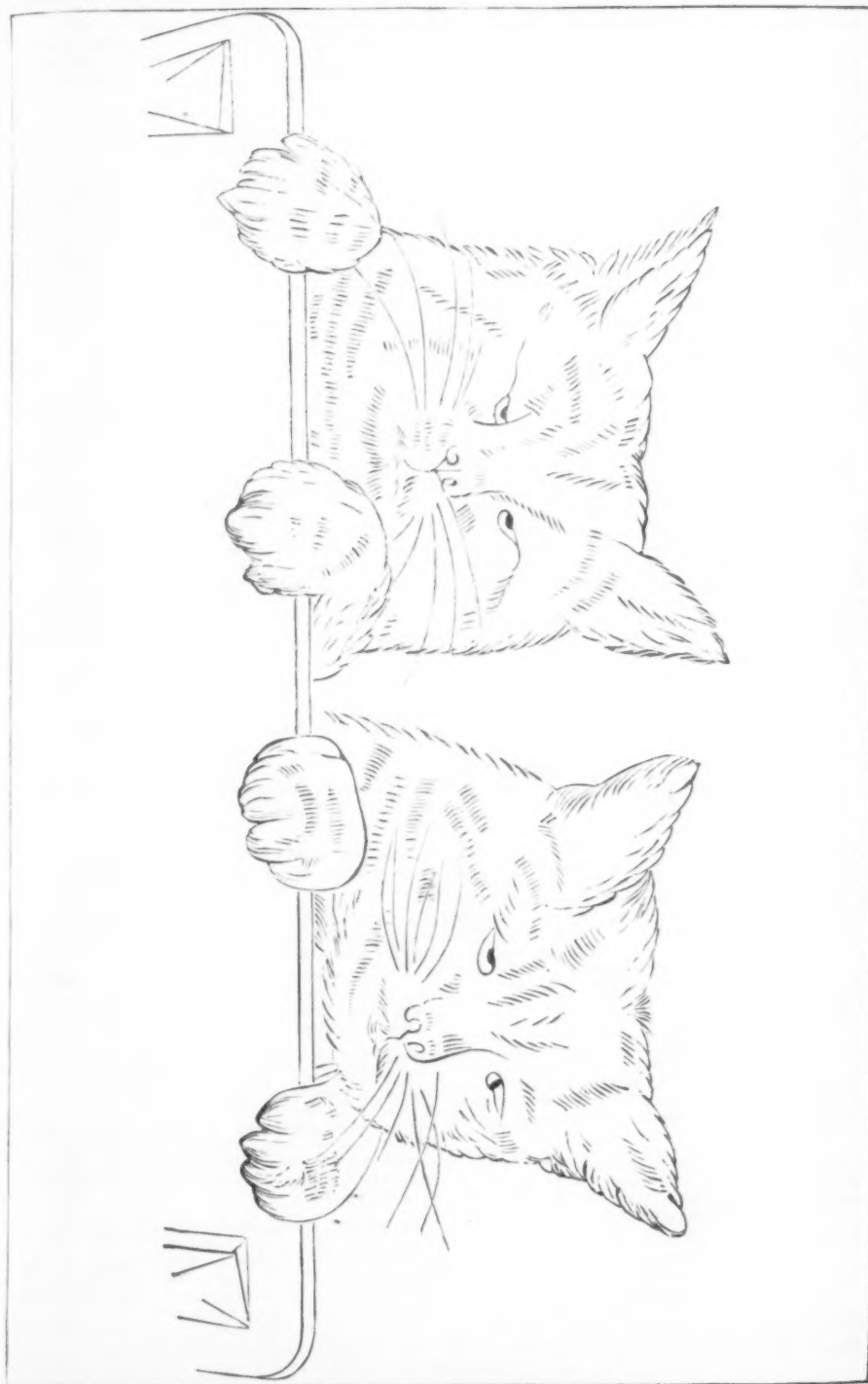
DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hat Crown.—Hat crowns are fast taking the place of bands and are much more easily kept in place. In our cut we show a design for one which can be either outlined or embroidered in satin stitch. Price for stamping or for stamping pattern (with any letters desired), twenty cents. Price, with only one large letter, fifteen cents.

Cat Design.—The cat design shown in this number of the MAGAZINE is one of the very latest conceits for decorating chair-backs, table-scarfs, bureau-covers, and the like. It can be worked upon linen-crash, plush,

a yard deep. Next, mark off a square at each corner of the border, the side of which, of course, will be one-quarter of a yard. The lining is thus marked off into nine spaces, viz.: one square at each corner, or four in all; a rectangular portion of the border between every two squares or four rectangles; and a larger square or rectangle, forming the centre or main part of the cover.

Cut a bright piece of cretonne or chintz, of a suitable size to cover the centre, and baste it down, so that its edges will just touch the marking-line. Take a different piece of cretonne, and cut a cover for one rectangle in the same manner. So proceed for the other rectangles and for the four squares at the corners,



thus cutting and basting nine pieces in all. No two should be alike, but if desired the four corner-pieces may be of the same pattern of the cretonne or chintz. Care must be taken to have the basting accurate.

Next, take some velvet ribbon, half an inch wide, and baste over the joins, so that four pieces will be used, to outline the divisions of the table-cover and the border, as well as to form a foundation for uniting the pieces. Then, upon the velvet and through it into the edges of the cretonne or chintz work a row of brier or coral-stitch in gold-colored floss or a series of *Point Russe* stitches in floss of several shades. It will thus be seen that these fancy stitches join the separate pieces, and also form a bordering above the border proper.

The edge of the table-cover may be finished in several ways. A plain hem is sufficient; or, if desired, a second row of velvet, with ornamental stitches, may be applied; or, better still, especially if increasing the apparent size of the table-cover be an object, woolen fringe or ball-trimming, of various colors, to match the bright tints of the cretonnes, may be effectively added.

PAPER FLOWERS.

THESE have lately reached a surprising degree of perfection, quite unlike the tawdry caricatures of some years ago. Sprays of roses—crimson, pink, or cream—are often used for decoration; and these are so natural-looking that at a distance they can scarcely be told from real roses, while a nearer view gives rise to a second deception, as they are almost invariably mistaken for wax. But no. The material used is simply fine, delicately tinted tissue-paper.

Any lady who has ever made wax flowers can make paper ones. Or any lady who will take a real rose

as a pattern can copy it in paper. Pick the rose apart and cut out a pattern of every separate petal, and represent every petal by two thicknesses of the tissue-paper. Shape the edges properly with the scissors, curl them over as required, and crimp the points daintily, joining them in the proper order with the scissors. The joined petals are to be bound together with fine wire and covered with green paper secured by a drop of mucilage to represent the calyx. Wire, covered with green paper, forms the stem.

Leaves are cut from green paper in a shape approximate to the shape of a real leaf, but larger. They are then reduced to the proper size by crimping with the fingers. The leaves are first crimped crosswise, to represent the fine veinings; then a deep, lengthwise fold gives the effect of the mid-rib and the longitudinal depression in a leaf. The crimped leaves are then mounted, as naturally as possible, upon fine, green-covered wire. The roses and leaves are then arranged to form an artistic spray or cluster. Ready prepared paper-petals can be purchased for a trifle, and even experts often buy the central petals of a rose; but ladies residing at a distance from any large town will be glad to learn that it is not necessary to do this.

The most suitable use to which paper-flowers can be applied is the decoration of paper lamp-shades. These, made of tissue-paper, delicately crimped so as to present a crape-like appearance, are well known; it is a new idea to fasten upon one side of a shade a spray of roses, pink upon blue or cream upon pink.

Paper flowers are also disposed upon panels or plaques, and used as mantel or wall ornaments. This seems scarcely appropriate, as the flowers are so frail; but they *look* well. Probably they will be employed as ornaments upon Christmas and birthday cards and tokens, displacing ordinary artificial flowers which have been used, but which are, after all, too heavy.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

Novelties in Millinery.—Sailor-hats, of rough straw, have been restored to favor for young ladies. They are simply trimmed with a band of velvet or a silken tie, caught by an ornamental pin. Shade hats, everyday hats, and the like, to be worn with cambric or percale suits, are now plainly draped with a scarf of the same material as the dress. More elegant hats, for midsummer wear, are large pokes of mull, white or delicately tinted, and trimmed with a profusion of Valenciennes lace, with or without the addition of flowers.

The "Manon" mantle is the latest Paris novelty in mantles for the seaside. It may be of changeable silk, with a hood lined with lace; or it may be of the same material as the suit—silk, cloth, cashmere, lawn, or percale—or, better still, all black. It falls straight to the waist, perfectly plain, with no trimming except a richly lined hood.

A heavy seaside wrap is an India shawl made up in the form of a visite with square sleeves, a loose redingote, or a close-fitting polonaise. A wrap of this kind is worn principally by stylish, middle-aged ladies.

Watteau gowns, with loose, open plaits in the back, or with Mother Hubbard yokes, are now made to do duty indifferently as wrappers in the daytime or night-gowns at night. They are of cambric or light-tinted percale or lawn, and are trimmed with embroidery or a profusion of narrow, inexpensive lace. This

fashion may be recommended to those who like their negligé garments to present as little as possible of the conventional bedroom appearance.

Dark, ecru linen has been revived for dresses. Costumes of linen are trimmed with ecru embroidery to match.

Dusters, or traveling-wraps, are of ecru, black or gray foulard, of light alpaca or mohair, light cloth, or English waterproof materials. The shape of these garments changes very little, the chief difference being in the collar and sleeves. Square sleeves are seen in some, while others are without sleeves. The Macfarlane collar is generally attached to a duster.

Batiste is the material most in favor for the more elegant of lighter toilettes. A beautiful costume of batiste is composed of the plain material combined with figured. Thus, the skirt is plain pink, while the basque and draperies are pink with a white polka-dot. This costume is further adorned by fantastic touches of ruby velvet; and with it is worn a rough straw hat trimmed with ruby velvet, held in place by a multitude of gilt pins.

An elegant combination suit is of velvet, embroidered pongee, and striped Oriental silk. The skirt is partly velvet, mounted upon a silk foundation, and is without trimming. The redingote is of Oriental silk and falls down the sides and back toward the lower edge of the skirt. It opens in front over a vest of pongee silk, which buttons straight down to the lowest edge of the waist, where it is fastened under a band

of Oriental silk, which is taken from one side of the redingote to the other. (We may remark here that summer costumes generally are characterized by scarfs and draperies looped diagonally or irregularly from one side of a basque or polonaise to the other, capriciously filling the place of a vest, an apron-front, and the like.) From below the vest falls an apron of the same embroidered pongee which is scalloped on the lower border. This is taken under the ends of the redingote and then drawn through the seam under the arm at the middle of the skirt. This scarf drapery is fastened in the back to the lower part of the waist, and then falls in a small puff. The small straight velvet collar is sewed to the vest in front and to the redingote in the back. The tight fitting sleeves have velvet cuffs. The foregoing model is an excellent illustration of prevailing styles in dressmaking, besides which it indicates some of the favorite materials employed.

Velvet is used to an extent scarcely compatible with summer heat. Thus, a gay-flowered satine costume may have veritable yoke and sleeves of purple or garnet velvet. A cream-white bunting or nun's-veiling dress may be rendered inappropriately heavy by black velvet vest, cuffs, collar, and bows. Every costume, light or heavy, cambric or silk, has collar and cuffs of velvet. Velvet to match the prevailing color in a suit is seen on every hat or bonnet, except the simplest.

Shoulder-escapes are of all sizes and materials, no two alike in any particular except that they all have the high puff upon the shoulder, imitating the top of the fashionable puffed sleeve.

Gloves.—The only gloves now fashionable are the well-established, long, undressed kid, still used for both day and evening wear. The only glazed kid gloves now recognized are black. In Paris a heavy, glazed kid glove, iron gray or yellow, is used for ordinary wear; these are long, and are drawn up under

the sleeve. They are known as "gants belges," or Belgian gloves.

Neckwear.—Wide mull neckties, hemstitched and embroidered or ornamented with drawn work on the ends, are again in favor. Wide scarfs, of muslin and Valenciennes lace are passed around the shoulders and knotted in front, like a fichu.

White waists have been revived. These take the form of gathered French waists, tucked Spencers or guimpes, and gathered waists set into a plaited, puffed, or embroidered yoke. These are trimmed with lace insertion, embroidered edgings, ruchings, and in all the modes in which white waists ever have been adorned. Waists of linen, percale, and figured chintz are also revived. The way for this has been paved by the Spencer or guimpe dresses worn by children and young ladies last year. These guimpe dresses still held sway. A popular watering-place costume for a young lady is a guimpe dress of Turkey-red cotton, with yoke and sleeves of embroidered muslin.

Jersey suits are as popular as ever. The skirt is of plaid, and attached to the Jersey waist in heavy kilt plaitings. A sash of the plaid hides the join, and plaid collar and cuffs are applied to the Jersey itself.

Sashes of hand-painted ribbon are worn with white house-dresses of lawn, organdy, or French muslin.

A new French fabric is etamine, a fine and flexible canvas. This will be used for entire costumes. In Paris sunshades intended for the seaside are made of etamine.

Parasols in this country are red. This is the one leading fashionable color.

Lace will be worn in the form of jabots, wide turned-down collars, and Marie Antoinette fichus. It will also form plaitings and ruchings, to take the place of collars and cuffs.

Notes and Comments.

Don't.

UNDER this head the Philadelphia Ledger reads a lesson of warning to all who indulge the easy habit of running in debt for household goods and household expenses, taking the following for its text:

"Among recent happenings in New York city is the following: A woman, found at night, poorly clad, with a shivering infant in her arms, was taken charge of by the police. Herself and child were provided for temporarily and investigation was made. The apartments where she had resided were visited and were found bare of any sort of furniture. Her husband was there, and the story the couple told was that they had furnished the place on credit; that the amount of debt was one hundred and seventy-two dollars; that they had paid fifty-two; that on account of sickness payment had stopped, and that the furniture-man swept the premises of all the movables which he had furnished."

Commenting on this incident, reference is made to the temptations and dangers which always attend a resort to credit, except in legitimate and carefully conducted business transactions. The prudent use of credit in personal expenses forbids its employment for the obtaining of anything that one can do without.

"The worst form of transactions on credit is that in

which no definite bargain is made. The buyer has a long open account, which is seldom closed by 'payment in full.' He pays from time to time, as he may be urged to do, sums larger or smaller, to keep his credit good. The credit is kept good, however, only by the hope of the seller that by continuing the open account he may procure payment of the past. Fear may also have its influence. It may be thought that the customer will wholly ignore the old claim if he is not permitted to add to it. The amount of embarrassment to buyer and seller caused by this slipshod method is a frequent cause of such misery as is presented in the New York incident. It does not always reach that degree, but in any degree is bad enough.

"Don't," then, is the safe rule when you are tempted to buy anything for which you have not the cash in hand to pay and which you can manage to get along without. 'Don't' anticipate even your next pay-day, whether it be weekly, monthly, or quarterly. It is not a comfortable feeling, when you have a sum in hand, whether large or small, that it really belongs to other people, among whom you have to distribute it. And the case is worse still when the whole will only serve as 'pleas in abatement' in their demands, and you are compelled before the next pay-day to be just as much in debt as ever—probably you will be more, for the poison of debt is what the doctors call 'cumulative.' If in, get out as soon as possible, at whatever exercise of self-denial. If out, keep out. It is the first step that counts, and if you are tempted to try the inclined plane—Don't!"

Household Accounts.

CONTRASTING the way in which the household expense account is usually kept in American and in English families, and especially in the matter of a fixed allowance for housekeeping, clothing, etc., a writer on domestic economy makes these sensible remarks and suggestions, which, if carefully considered and heeded, would go far toward increasing the comfort, order, and prosperity of a large class of our people:

"For some reason or other American husbands are less inclined to make this arrangement of a fixed allowance with their wives than husbands of any other nation. In England, not only do wives have their 'pin-money,' but each daughter has her separate allowance, upon which she dresses herself. This amount is hers to do with as she pleases, and she must not exceed it. It is an excellent arrangement in every way, because it not only saves a woman's self-respect not to be obliged to ask for money for whatever she needs, but it also teaches her habits of economy and accustoms her to the disbursement of money. English wives, high or low, keep household accounts with a degree of system which would astonish many an American housekeeper. Every penny spent in the house goes down in 'The Housekeeper's Book,' which is an institution in every household. Every bill is carefully filed away when receipted. In fact, a perfect system of order prevails, which enables every man to know exactly how much it costs him to keep up his establishment. Moreover, every item of expenditure is made with reference to income. House-rent must be only such a percentage, outlay for provisions so much and no more, servants' wages such an amount, school-bills for children so much, dress so much, pew-rent and charities a certain amount, and if, at the end of the year, it is found that the amount fixed has been exceeded in any particular expenses are at once curtailed.

"It is difficult to lay down rules for any one outside of this measure of expenses according to income. What is praiseworthy economy in one household would be niggardliness in another, wicked waste in a third. When the wife of a millionaire pays five hundred dollars for a dress, and seven hundred and fifty or a thousand for a shawl, she dresses merely as befits her station. When, on the other hand, the wife of a clerk on twelve hundred dollars a year spends a hundred on cloak and dress together she is criminally extravagant, and the modest bank account (if her husband has one) will be sorely diminished in consequence.

"There is no greater check upon useless expenditures than in regular and persistent keeping of accounts. When every item is set down it is easy to see just where the money goes and to reduce expenses systematically when it is necessary to do so. Probably every woman considers herself a practiced economist in housekeeping, while in point of fact American waste has passed into a proverb, and it is a common saying that a French or German family can live comfortably on what an American family throws away. Poor food and stinted healthy appetites are no economy, inasmuch as health is an indispensable good; the money which secures it is well spent; worse than ill-spent that which ruins it."

"Silver and Gold."

THIS engraving, from a picture by Arthur Brooks, an English artist of the Preraphaelite School, presents a charming contrast of youth and age, and tells its own story too plainly to need description.

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1884.

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2 Copies, "	3.50
3 " "	5.00
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15 " "	20.00

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FLORIDA.

In a letter received from Florida by Drs. Starkey & Palen, the writer says:

"As to what extent I have been benefited by my trip I am not prepared to say. The result certainly is not so satisfactory as I would like, although doubtless I am better off than if I had remained North during such a severe season as we have had. Invalids coming South have much to contend with in the lack of comfortable accommodations and wholesome fare.

"Florida is greatly overrated in nearly every respect, and much mischief is done by those who indiscriminately advise consumptives to go there. The climate is moist, advertised and official statements to the contrary notwithstanding. From my limited observation and what I have gathered from others who have investigated the subject, patients afflicted with tuberculosis as a rule fail to improve.

"My stomach is in good order and my appetite good. I sleep well and am not stuffed up as I used to be before I used the inhaler. I think the Oxygen has saved my life. It keeps me strong and I am able to go out if the weather is mild.

"I am really surprised to see how steadily I have been improving when I stop to think of the cares I am obliged to bear. Only Compound Oxygen could have been the agent.

"My appetite came slowly back, and general health with it. Slept better, and at the end of third month catarrh and throat trouble had almost disappeared.

"I am feeling splendid now and every one tells me I am looking better.

"One of the ladies to whom I recommended its use for asthma has had it only once since she began the Treatment.

"I feel so thankful for what your excellent remedy has already done for me."

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Ayer's Pills Cure

Acidity of the stomach and Flatulence,
Yellow jaundiced skin,
Nervation and Languor,
Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains,
Sick Headaches and Nausea,

Chronic disposition to Costiveness,
Anaemia caused by Dyspepsia,
Torpidity of the obstructed liver,
Heart disease induced by Constipation,
Apoplectic tendencies similarly originated,
Relaxation of the nervous system,
Torturing sleeplessness from Indigestion,
Inflammation of the costive bowels,
Clogging and deterioration of the kidneys,

Pain in shoulders and back,
Indigestion and Constipation,
Liver Complaint and Biliousness,
Low vitality and Nervousness,
Skin Eruptions caused by Constipation,

Costiveness and Pain in the bowels,
Uric acid poison in the blood,
Rashes and Boils caused by Constipation,
Enfeebled sight and Nervous Tremors,

Mental and physical depression,
Agueish symptoms from Indigestion,
Nausea, Dizziness, and Foul Breath,
Youth and age troubles of women,

Inaction of the secretory organs,
Looseness of the bowels,
Loss of appetite and furred tongue,
Swellings symptomatic of Dropsy.

There is no form of disease, caused by Indigestion and Constipation, that does not yield to their beneficent power. They stimulate the digestive and assimilatory organs, strengthen the machinery of life, and have no drastic or weakening effects. Any one who chooses to enquire will find in his own community abundant willing witnesses to assure him that the best pills in the world for cure of the many ailments consequent upon derangement of the digestive functions are

Physicians and Patients say

"Ayer's Pills are one of the best remedies for bilious derangements that we possess," DR. WM. PRESCOTT, *Concord, N. H.*

"Ayer's Pills are active, searching and effectual, but not gripping or drastic." PROF. J. M. LOCKE, *Cincinnati, O.*

"Ayer's Pills are far superior to any which have fallen under my notice." DR. J. R. CHILTON, *New York.*

"Ayer's Pills are adapted to all the disorders which can be cured by the judicious use of a physic." DR. SAMUEL MCCONNELL, *Montpelier, Vt.*

"Ayer's Pills I am using in my practice and find them excellent." DR. J. W. BROWN, *Oceana, W. Va.*

"Ayer's Pills have entirely corrected the costive habit and vastly improved my general health." REV. F. B. HARLOWE, *Atlanta, Ga.*

"Ayer's Pills have cured Rheumatism and Kidney troubles among my crew, and they did away with my Dyspepsia." CAPT. C. MUELLER, *Str. "Felicia."*

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THREE REMARKABLE CASES.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM AND HEART DISEASE.

In January last a gentleman in Lynchburg, Va., ordered a Treatment of Compound Oxygen for his daughter, thirteen years of age, who had been subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism since her fourth year.

Five weeks after commencing the use of our Treatment, we received the following highly gratifying report:

"LYNCHBURG, VA., February 28th, 1884.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—Dear Sirs:—My daughter has been using your Compound Oxygen for five weeks, with an intermission of one day in each week.

"She had begun slowly to improve before beginning its use, but was very weak and feeble, scarcely able to walk more than two or three times across her chamber. A very slight exertion would bring on a violent action of the heart. At first she could inhale very little, taking but short inspirations.

"Within a week from beginning the use of the Oxygen, she began to show signs of improvement; since then her recovery has been remarkable. I have never seen anything to equal it. The action of the heart is quiet and soft; there has been no sign of rheumatism; she sleeps sweetly all night; has a fine appetite; has gained many pounds of flesh, and has considerable color; can walk all about the house, and has paid two or three visits in the neighborhood.

"Ordinarily, I would object to having my name used publicly, but if the statement of the above facts in my daughter's case will be the means of inducing others similarly affected, as she has been, to use your Compound Oxygen, you are at liberty to publish it.

"Very respectfully,

"C. V. WINFREE."

"FEEL AS YOUNG AS I DID AT TWENTY-FIVE."

What Compound Oxygen did in a few months for one who had suffered with dyspepsia for forty years, who was troubled with catarrh, torpid liver, and suffered from hard shaking chills, will be seen in the following report. In February, 1883, a gentleman, who had removed to Florida in the previous fall, asked our opinion of his case, and soon after ordered a Home Treatment. His statement of his condition we give in his own words:

"Have had dyspepsia for forty years. Came to Florida last November. Previously suffered much from headache. A month after coming here it stopped nething so badly, but became very sore and has continued so up to the present time. Have a hacking cough and hard, shaking chills. Am very weak. Liver torpid."

First report was made March 24th, in substance as follows:

"When I began Compound Oxygen my liver was very torpid, and I had a bad attack of bilious colic and a chill at the same time. But Compound Oxygen relieved colic, and I have not had a chill since."

April 13th. "General health much better. Liver don't act as well as it ought to. Hacking cough is gone."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.—Dr. John Turner, 138 Fifth Avenue, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.—Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by the undersigned. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who buy it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.

April 30th. "Liver no better. Constant pain in right side and under right shoulder. Head, lungs, and throat all right, and have been so for three or four weeks."

We heard no more from the case until about eleven months after the above was written, when we received the subjoined gratifying letter:

"LAKE CITY, FLORIDA, March 31st, 1884.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—Gentlemen:—I suppose you think I am like the nine persons of the ten, who were healed by the Saviour, and did not return to give thanks; if so, you are mistaken. It has been my intention for some time to not only give thanks, but to report my case, but I concluded to wait and see if the disease (catarrh) returned. It has been, I believe, about eleven months since I quit taking the Oxygen, and I am truly thankful to say that the disease has not returned.

"I am under many obligations to you for your kindness to me last year, and if catarrh should return I guess you will hear from me in short order. And right here let me say that I am one of the jolliest old men you have seen lately. My digestion is first-rate. I can do more work and am in better health generally than I have been for twenty-five years. I feel as young as I did at twenty-five, and, in fact, I believe that I can do more work than I could then.

"You are at liberty to publish an extract from this letter, or all of it, if you think you can do any good by it, and if anybody wants to hear from me I will answer all letters that contain stamps for postage.

"I am truly yours,

MARTIN HANCOCK"

"MANY THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE."

In April, 1883, we received a letter from a clergyman in Lockesburg, Ark., who had used and been much benefited by Compound Oxygen, ordering a Home Treatment for a gentleman residing in that place. The Treatment was sent, but we heard nothing from it for nearly a year, when the following letter came from the patient himself:

"LOCKESBURG, SEVIER CO., ARK.,
March 15th, 1884.

"MESSRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—You will remember me as one of your patients. Nearly a year ago, I sent for a two months' supply of your Compound Oxygen Treatment, and it is with heartfelt gratitude I send you my many thanks for saving my life. The reason I have not written sooner I wanted to see what effect the winter would have on me or my health and realize whether or not I was actually well. I have had less bad colds this winter than usual. I enjoy as good health as I ever did, if not better.

"To tell you my condition when I commenced using your Treatment is impossible. I was taken with bilious pneumonia, I lay for two months unable to get off my bed, and part of the time to move my body. It was a month after I sat up in bed before I could walk alone.

"My pneumonia had assumed a chronic form, and I was just giving up in despair, when Rev. Mr. D— came to see me and prevailed on me to send for the Oxygen Treatment. I never will get done thanking him for recommending and you for discovering such a medical agent. Yours truly,

"W. M. P—."

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